# The Churchman.

*SATURDAY JAN.* 11, 1879.

THE New York *Evangelist* calls attention to the growth of the Episcopal Church as one of the most notable things in the religious history of this country. After giving the number of its clergy, parishes, communicants, Sunday-school teachers, theological seminaries, colleges, etc., it adds: "Let no one imagine that the Episcopal Church is given over to formalism, for its charities are numerous and increasing. Whatever may be thought of its pretensions, its faith, and its ritual, it has gained a strong foothold in the country and in public respect, and its growth and good works are creditable in the highest degree."

THE exclusiveness of the Protestant Episcopal Church is the standing accusation against her. What is that exclusiveness? Simply this: In order to protect her own laity, to see to it that her official teaching is in accordance with the great truths of the Christian religion, she confines that official teaching to official teachers. In order to make sure that her offices are properly performed, she confines their administration to her regularly appointed officers. The manner of that appointment she has inherited through the Church of all the ages. By it she tests all alike who ask to be allowed to officiate in her churches. Any Christian man, of proper mental and moral qualifications, who seeks to enter her ministry is at liberty to do so.

IN his letter on Confession, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Pusey makes three important disclaimers which are well worthy of attention.

1. He disclaims the desire to make confession to a priest a condition of coming to the Holy Communion; to keep back any one from the "Holy Communion unless he have first been to private confession."

2. He does not think that any English clergyman has a right to "*enjoin* the practice of *habitual* confession to a priest."

3. He rejects, for himself and others, the notion that "such practice of confession is *a condition of* attaining the highest spiritual life."

Of course, it may be said—and truly—that with and under these disclaimers a clergyman might still teach:

1. That a person would be so much better prepared and fitted by private confession for receiving the Holy Communion, that the practice of so confessing before communicating, though not presented as an ecclesiastical requirement, might still assume the form of a moral obligation.

2. That "*habitual* confession to a priest" was so desirable and useful a thing that, although not to be *enjoined*, it was still to be encouraged. The qualifying phrase, that such cases "must be extreme and rare," opens, after all, a pretty wide door.

3. That such practice of confession was such a powerful aid and factor in "attaining the highest spiritual life" that, although it was not presented as a *condition* of such life, it still did carry with it the force of a moral duty.

Let us not be understood as putting an ungracious interpretation on Dr. Pusey's words. We are not raising the question as to *his* meaning in using them. We are simply saying what interpretation *others* may put upon them, and what teaching they may place under their shelter.

PERHAPS the gradual opening of other sources of livelihood and the increasing severity of training in normal schools will have the effect of limiting the number of women who undertake teaching to those who have an actual calling to the profession. Hitherto it has been the custom for many young women to take up teaching because it was respectable and had no special social disadvantages, and perhaps in no other occupation is moderate success so sufficient. A teacher once gaining a position in a school must be positively inefficient to lose her position. She gains it perhaps because she has a pleasing address, or can bring good testimonials, or has friends at court; she retains it because those in authority find it hard to dismiss a girl who may show no faculty for teaching, but yet does not make a conspicuous failure. Meanwhile the children, who are growing up half taught and carelessly trained, have rights which they cannot assert. It is certainly a hard thing for a girl to be dropped as a teacher, but it is often a greater hardship for children to drone along with their study, only the hardship does not appeal so emphatically to us. The remedy undoubtedly lies in guarding more jealously the entrance to the teaching profession; but we have our hopes that other causes than the vigilance of school committees and superintendents are at work to bring this about; that the standard of the profession is rising, making it discouraging for any to enter except those who feel called to the work; that the opportunities in other directions are increasing, and that the profession itself grows more jealous of its integrity.

TWO notable addresses have been given to the public the past week—the address of Dean Stanley before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, on "Aspects of American Life," and that of George William Curtis at the Academy of Music, in commemoration of William Cullen Bryant. In the one, Dean Stanley resolves the history of the United States into four different epochs, touches upon our political institutions, speaking hopefully of the future, and is highly complimentary in speaking of the influence of our literature. In speaking of the reasonable few whose voice may more and more be heard, in spite of the overwhelming forces of uneducated or half-educated ignorance and fanaticism, he says: "It was Washington Irving who first knit together the bonds of family and domestic sympathy between England and America," "while Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier have done perhaps even a greater service by touching with the sweetness and the light of their poetry scenes perhaps before hardly known in the natural objects and the historic splendor of their own country." Bryant himself could ask no higher praise than when Dean Stanley says, in the words of a distinguished American ecclesiastic, that he first entered the heart of America through the "Gate Beautiful," and that he "did for the Green river and for the rocky slopes of the hills of Berkshire something of what Wordsworth effected for the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland." Of course it follows that if Dean Stanley could say thus much, the address of Mr. Curtis was nothing less than an eloquent and beautiful tribute to the memory of the dead poet. "Undoubtedly the grandeur and solemnity of Wordsworth," said the speaker, "had stirred his soul with sympathy, as he told Dana, but not the false simplicity that sometimes betrays Wordsworth." In the two addresses we get the history of the country and the history of one of its most eminent citizens, and each most happily supplements the other.

## *WEEKS OF PRAYER.*

Illustrations are constantly occurring of the fact that the Church, in its structure and administration, covers every point emphasized by the sects, and in its comprehensiveness provides, in large degree at least, for those spiritual wants of men, some one of which each several sect would make its particular care. But whenever the sects are sure to unite in any one measure for their common edification, it is invariably a measure which already has place and activity in the economy of the Church.

Thus, there is a body known as the Evangelical Alliance—a well-meaning but rather clumsy league of evangelical denominations intended to symbolize Christian unity, and to serve at times and on occasion as an instrument for concerted Christian expression. Now if all Christians were true to the historic

Catholic Church, there would be no need of any Evangelical Alliance. That league is a makeshift, mistakenly substituted for a far better piece of mechanism.

Some years ago a fever broke out among the Sunday-schools of these different denominations for a system of "uniform lessons." Nothing would do but "uniform lessons." There was a great cry and stir about the supposed discovery of the new system and its immense advantages over the desultory, individualistic, heterogeneous study previously in vogue. Now, "uniform lessons," substantially in the same sense, are just what the Church has been in the calm and reposeful enjoyment of for centuries. Our brethren have only sought to take out a patent on an invention which in some form or other is as old as the oldest of their denominations several times over.

Another and still more striking illustration of the past is conspicuously before us at this very moment. The present week, by advice of the same "Evangelical Alliance" above mentioned, is set apart to be observed by the churches of the sects as a "week of prayer." Each congregation which falls in with the plan is expected to hold a meeting for prayer and conference every evening in the week; and a schedule of topics is set forth, one for each day, for the uniform consideration of all. Now listen to the Boston *Congregationalist* as, in its last issue, it expounds the virtues and blessings of a week of prayer:

". . . It is a great thing to secure concentration of thought and interest upon a given subject. It may not more move God, but it more affects man, to know that all over the earth where good people know how to pray, the sympathies and desires of the praying multitudes are everywhere converging toward one focal point of burning intensity; beseeching God to grant their common desire." . . .

Then, quoting the promise in Matt. xviii. 19—"Again I say unto you, that if *two of you shall agree* on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, *it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven*," it adds:

"These blessed words mean something. They doubtless mean what they say. They announce the inherent power of social prayer; the irresistibleness of joint supplication; and they warrant the conclusion, as a reasonable one, that the Hearer and Answerer of prayer may be depended upon to pay especial regard to the desires of His Church on earth, when in all the lands, with previously arranged concert, they pour out their common supplications before Him."

Where could be found, in as many words, a better and more conclusive statement of the argument for the use of common prayer? The *Congregationalist* is right. With all our heart we say amen to its declaration. "It *is* a great thing to secure concentration of thought and interest upon a given subject." It *does* more affect man, and, as we believe, God too, "to know that all over the earth, where good people know how to pray, the sympathies and desires of the praying multitudes are everywhere converging toward one focal point of burning intensity." Doubtless the words quoted of our blessed Lord *do* "mean what they say," namely, "that the Hearer and Answerer of prayer may be depended upon to pay especial regard to the desires of His Church on earth, when *in all the lands, with previously arranged concert, they pour out their common supplications before Him.*"

Just because of all this do we believe in common prayer, and that the Book of Common Prayer, with the Bible, is one of God's best gifts to His Church, and through the Church to the world. By means of it we enjoy the privilege and utilize the power, not of one week of prayer, but of fifty-two, in every year. In all lands, wherever our Church has planted herself—and her steps are now to be tracked around the globe—she makes the year the framework on which to uplift her prayer and praise. Each season, each Sabbath, each holyday, has its "given subject," secures "concentration of thought and interest," witnesses "converging sympathies and desires," and not only announces, but exemplifies, "the inherent power of social prayer."

Doubtless the "week of prayer" brings rich blessing to those who observe it, but multiply that blessing by fifty-two, and, if such spiritual arithmetic may be allowed, we have an idea of the possible return to the Church for her right use of her Christian year as interpreted by her common prayer.

When shall our dear Church rise to the full recognition and employment of her capacity, and when will our brethren, who now stand misunderstandingly without, come in and enter upon their waiting heritage?

The Lord hasten it in His time.

## *THE CALL FOR MINISTERS AND THE CALL FOR LAYMEN.*

There seems to be quite as loud a call for laymen as for clergymen. And by laymen we mean those pious, exemplary, devoted men who can, at least, serve God quite as well in a parish as can a clergyman without a parish. There is, at least, abundant room for *them*. They are always wanted to counsel, to give, to guide, to stay up the hands of the minister, to illustrate the power of faith and charity, to be living epistles, known and read of all men. Such men are the ornament of a church and the joy of a minister. How many a clergyman can say, But for such to stand by me I should have lost heart and courage! How many a parish owes its origin to such, as well as its continued growth and prosperity! Let not devoted parents take it to heart overmuch because they are not able to put a beloved son into the ministry. There is a place for all his wisdom, zeal, and discretion by a much shorter road than going through college and a theological seminary. Possibly he can preach the Gospel quite as well in the pews as in the pulpit. All the grace that is given him may make itself felt. All the flavor of piety, all the sweetness and light of love and devotion, all the wisdom of a serpent and harmlessness of a dove, will be in ample demand. As a public man, his preaching power, his gifts and graces, might not be appreciated, even if there were any call for them. But there is always a call for the gifts and graces of pious and devoted laymen, and, as a rule, such a one can find his place without troubling his bishop. There was never a time, either, when such persons were in greater demand than now. The zeal and devotion of a clergyman are supposed, unjustly, to be more or less professional. But the zeal and devotion of a layman are in evidence of what a man is willing to do for Christ without any present hope of reward, and when there are powerful temptations to be lax and unfaithful. The light of a clergyman may have to be hid under a bushel, more or less, because there is no candlestick to set it on; but the light of a layman may always have a conspicuous place. We are not aware that there is any society for the increase of godly laymen, but let no one suppose there could be a superfluity of them. Let parents who cannot educate their sons for the ministry at least do the next thing—if, indeed, sometimes it is not a better thing—viz., prepare them for the worthy and responsible calling of good and devoted laymen.

THE English journals come to us freighted with sadness and sorrow at the death of their Princess Alice. It is the grand tribute of a nation mourning the loss of a noble woman, who had devoted her life—alas! so short—to deeds of kindness and of love. Conspicuous for her devotedness to her father and her brother in their sickness, she did not confine her ministrations to her own family or among the nobility of the land, but she gladdened hospitals with her presence, her activities, and sought by her example and her writings to bless the poor. May the rich and cultured women of her land and of ours learn from her splendid life how great is the glory of Christian usefulness.

## *A PROVIDENTIAL OPPORTUNITY.*

Only a few years have passed since the mutual prejudice existing between the white and colored people of the South was so intense and bitter as to render it doubtful whether emancipation

would prove a blessing or a curse to either race; and at that time it seemed an almost idle effort for the people of the North to attempt educational or Mission work among the freedmen.

A Bishop of one of the Southern Dioceses once said to me—expressing, no doubt, the deep and honest conviction of his mind and heart—"You may educate and Christianize the children, when political matters are better adjusted than now, but you can never do much, if anything, with the adult portion of the colored population; they are too far gone in wrong ways to be reclaimed." Though not saying so, I did not believe a word of the latter part of the declaration; and later on, the same Bishop, to the credit of his head and heart, in acts as well as words, abandoned the position taken.

I have said *Providential* opportunity, at the head of this article, and with design, for in all the years of men's doubts and strifes, of men's prejudice and bitterness, when the wisest in the land could not answer for the ultimate solution of the new, great, and difficult problem, projected into the midst of the American people, God was working, in His own secret and merciful ways, to bring order out of confusion, light out of darkness, peace out of strife, mutual confidence out of mutual jealousy, and salvation to the weak and the depraved.

Now, thanks to our wonder-working God, who is always better than men's fears or deservings, the whole field is open for all who choose to enter it, for the education and Christianization of the negro race; and more and better than this, the race itself, in many parts of the South, without let or hindrance from man, is seeking education and salvation; and even more and better than this, the white people are willing and glad to help to the utmost of their ability; while it may be added that, in many quarters, the drift of the negro mind is manifestly towards the Church of our love.

The late Annual Report of the Domestic Committee dealt largely with this whole subject, advocating the establishment of Associate Missions among the colored people, as likely to reach the largest number of persons in the most economical and effective way. And, right here, the meaning of an Associate Mission may be briefly explained. It is a Mission carried on by a band of Clergymen and other helpers, residing at a certain centre, who, while conducting parochial and educational work at that centre, go out into the surrounding country to hold Services, establish Sunday-schools, and preach the Gospel from house to house.

For the colored people, especially in populous regions, this kind of Mission is believed to possess advantages belonging to no other. At a given point, let a large, plain, inexpensive, but Churchly edifice be erected, and the Mission thoroughly officered by men and women fit for any work, and it is almost certain that whole neighborhoods would be most effectively reached and most happily influenced. The negroes are gregarious. They like to come together in large numbers, and to have warm, full, and earnest musical Services, which could hardly be attainable in small Missions widely scattered.

We cannot provide a good Missionary—and to send other than the best ones would be the inauguration of failure, rather than success—for every two, three, or four hundred people; but by a single Associate Mission, properly organized, thousands upon thousands can be reached.

The Report of the Domestic Committee, before referred to, expressed the belief that there must be, somewhere in this Church, some man with thorough and high intellectual and spiritual furnishing, who would, ere long, in the spirit and with the consecration of the great Bishop Selwyn of world-wide fame, offer himself to take the headship of such an Associate Mission among the colored people.

The *man*—my Selwyn I call him—peculiarly fitted for the work, by natural and other gifts, and by the circumstances of much of his Ministerial life, offered himself within a week from the time the Report was presented to the Church.

Since then, the *point*—Jacksonville, Florida—from which some ten thousand colored people can be reached, has been selected, with the hearty approval of the Bishop of the Diocese and of eminent Presbyters and Laymen in that portion of the South; while the Bishop of another Southern Diocese, himself a Southerner by birth and education, who thoroughly understands the whole question, remarked that the selection had been made *with the eye of a general*—words which I can record, because the selection was not made by me. And he added, "Only let the colored people understand that the church you propose to build is to be in some sort their cathedral, and they will come, not only ten or twenty miles, but fifty, to attend its Services."

Now then, how is the *money* to be obtained?

The people of Jacksonville will themselves purchase and pay for the needed site in their city, not in an obscure and out-of-the-way place, but in a location in every respect adapted to the work; and will give the whole enterprise their heartiest coöperation.

Is there not some man or some woman, long and largely blessed of God in all relations, who will gladly, thanking Him for the opportunity, supply—perhaps as a memorial offering—from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand dollars, to build this church, equip the Mission, and work it for one year? After that it is believed that the negroes themselves will do much towards its support.

If not in this way, are there not many disciples of Christ, rich in money and rich in grace, who will come forward at once and say, "This golden opportunity must be embraced and improved, and here are our gifts to help; and this, without any diminution of our usual contributions to the regular work?"

I confess to a great liking for the idea that this first venture should be made by a single individual or family, believing that, if it should prove a success, of which I have no doubt, other individuals or families would hasten, with all Christian eagerness, to establish similar Missions at many other points. Such an example would be almost certain to be happily and blessedly contagious.

No doubt the man who has offered himself was much on his knees, asking light and guidance and strength from God, before his resolution was fully formed. If Christian men and women who have money to offer will adopt the same method in determining their duty and privilege, the result will almost certainly be such as to cause the great heart of this Church to throb with unwonted fulness of joy and gratitude.

The Committee for Domestic Missions and the Board of Managers have given cordial consent to the public presentation of this special enterprise, but with the express *proviso* that the money to carry it out must be obtained in addition to contributions for existing and most important work.—*The Rev. Dr. A. T. Twing, in the Spirit of Missions.*

## *SECULAR DISORDERS AND THE LAW OF CHURCH LIFE.—V.*

Whether clergymen are "called" by parishes after being inspected and heard, or "called" on recommendation or reputation, or "sent" by the bishop, they are to be supported. The system of supporting them from a common diocesan treasury is one towards which many minds in the Church are tending; but there is no evidence that any diocese in the country is at present prepared for it. Those who favor it do so because they believe it has the sanction of primitive usage, because of its general harmony with the genius of Episcopal administration, and because of the shiftings, irregularity, and friction of the existing method.

The following propositions would seem to be nearly axiomatic: 1. The ministry of Christ should be maintained by the people of Christ, *i. e.*, by the members of the Church. 2. Contributions of any kind, from any source, must not be so made or received as to injure in any manner the object of the ministry, *i. e.*, the promotion of the Faith in its purity and of personal holiness. 3. For the Church to depend on others than its own members for the support of its own ordinances is dishonorable

towards Christ and detrimental both to faith and righteousness.

Were the proposal to provide for the Christian ordinances by levying a tax on sections of the building where the congregation are seated made now for the first time, it would probably be generally thought singular, if not incongruous. It is difficult at first to detect a natural relation between the two ideas. The Gospel was at the beginning, and by its nature, a free proclamation of forgiveness and eternal life to mankind. It was proclaimed without a stipulation and for no earthly equivalent. Afterwards, as communities became Christianized, the edification of the faithful became a regular and prominent part of the ministerial service. But the work of conversion was surely never dropped out. There always were and are and will be faithless and wicked people to be sought and entreated. To expect them, being unconverted, to agree to pay for the privilege of being converted, is mental confusion. Equally confused is the notion of private ownership in the pews of a church after the church has been wholly given to God. Malachi calls the neglect of the tithe a robbing of God; but even to his prophetic intelligence it does not seem to have occurred that there could ever be among God's people a robbery like this of spreading title-deeds over a consecrated place. Unquestionably it is a convenient and business-like arrangement for a congregation to agree to see to it that their rector shall receive a certain sum for his wants—a "salary"; but, that having been done, it will be the way of reverence to keep the commercial aspects of the relation, which is spiritual, as much in abeyance as possible. The phrase "hiring a minister" does not fall agreeably on a Churchman's ear. With those whose conception of the sacred office is confined to the delivery of discourses or pulpit-lectures the mercantile view may not be offensive; but the more the devotional and sacramental elements in the service are regarded, the greater will be the pains to remove the bargain idea out of sight.

In the original law and use of the Church the ideas of brotherly-equality, gratuity, and a forth-going and freely-given Gospel are rudimental and absolute. Of exclusive rights in church there is no trace whatever. That is a subsequent secularism. The notion of carrying the worldly distinctions of wealth or rank or taste into the house of God would be monstrous and intolerable. What was given to support ordinances would be offerings inspired by faith and gratitude and love, like the oral worship, not taxes or payments exacted. The least gift would go with the greatest. Whether alms or oblations or endowments, the bestowments of the hand would be the voluntary, and therefore accepted and blessed, outpourings of the heart. Oral and manual worship would be inseparable. The words "Whosoever will" would stand over the door and on the walls in their unabridged and unqualified meaning. No child of the Father, no stranger, no pauper, no penitent or impenitent sinner, would ever feel forbidden to come and kneel at the Saviour's feet. None would be frigidly shoved aside by a secularly-instructed sexton, or packed away in a corner of the gallery. That would be one of the abominable iniquities which are not only broadly condemned by the whole original spirit and scope of the kingdom, but it would be so specially infidel and outrageous that St. James must pierce and smite it with the most pointed denunciation. If, with all this clear before our eyes, we see now in this Church a steadily growing favor for some form of what may fairly be called the Free-church system, how can we wonder? Or how can we wonder, on the other hand, knowing what modern usages have prevailed, if we find this tendency distrusted and opposed, or pronounced impracticable; or if we observe in the movement some faintings and retrocessions; or if it requires a great deal of patient instruction, perhaps running through a whole generation, and many sacrifices, to make it work successfully; or if some mean, mercenary souls should take advantage of it; or if for some time it should interfere in a measure with revenues or gifts established on the other plan? It is not a necessary attribute of a deep conviction to fret or dogmatize. He that believeth shall not make haste. There are congregations, both in city and country, where the system has silently conquered all difficulties, and is heartily enjoyed, and would not on any account be abandoned. There is an increasing number of Churchmen who, on principle, wherever they travel or reside, will seek out the "open" church, and feel at home in no other. Probably it will be found that the system is a related part of a cluster of Church principles which have a spiritual and structural unity among themselves, and really succeeds only when these have become familiar and established in the religious habits of the mind.

A man of some respectability with a family in one of our parishes was heard to say, when he was asked to give something for missions: "Missions! no. Why, I am giving seventy-five dollars a year to the Church now, and I am not a rich man either." He referred to his annual parish subscription. And it has actually come to this, in many and many an instance, as a secondary stage in this process of secularization, that from reckoning the tax as an equivalent for all that they and their families receive at church men come to reckon what they pay for their privileges as actually a complete discharge of all the claims of Christ and humanity on their thankfulness and their generosity. They call their payment of partial dues for value received a gratuity to the Almighty!

Another phase of the same sort of illusion is the complacency with which some people contemplate a parish debt. A parochial politician and plutocrat has been known to argue that a debt is desirable because it keeps the whole establishment in safe subjection to one or two persons whose purse is necessary to meet principal or interest. That a debt virtually entails many of those evils which the canon, forbidding the consecration of a church before it is paid for, is intended to forestall; that it drives away neighbors and stops progress; that it discourages the timid and the poor; that it commonly impoverishes and embarrasses the rector; that it reduces offerings for all extra-parochial objects, and so cuts off the blessings which belong to those who scatter and yet increase; that it pinches and strangles charity by perverting the maxim that it must "begin at home"; and that it often introduces the whole vulgar brood of frolics and feedings and comedies and burlesques which sink a parish even below a first-class play-house; all this does not reach the root of the offence. Imagine a church-debt under the eye and in the presence of the Master when He was on earth! Contrast it with the free-will gifts sent to the poor saints at Jerusalem and to St. Paul! Seek for its warrant in the original law of the life of the Church!

When that law shall reassert itself in its primitive power, and practically, it can scarcely fail to abate the extravagances and fineries of dress in worshipping assemblies. We have never heard of but one woman who defended the elegance of her Sunday attire by comparing it with the beauty of the chancel-decorations as a symbol of praise. Everybody knows that it is—when it reaches the point of observable excess—one of the most certain badges of a self-seeking worldliness. It is a rule of good-breeding that dress shall always suit the place where it is worn—whether the vehicle of travel, the sidewalk, the small or large gathering, the sick-chamber, or the mountain-top. Why do not Christian women apply the rule, if none higher, to their appearance at their confessions and prayers before the Searcher of their hearts? There is scarcely a passion hostile to holiness which the inordinate love of personal display does not sooner or later inflame. Other harmonies than those of taste are turned to discord when the aisles of sanctuaries are profaned into parade-grounds of the fashions. Were our Lord to come again with His scourge, He would find some more genteel but not more excusable forms of sacrilege than the tables of the money-changers and the cattle.

As to the material vesture of the sanctuary itself, its architecture and decoration, the way of truth is not quite so simple, because "strength and beauty" there may be among the offerings of a reverent and grateful homage to Him who is worshipped. The Scriptures furnish no evidence that the Saviour disapproved of the outward majesty and splendor of the old temple, or of the purpose running through the whole Hebrew history and Old Testament ritual, to make the place of His feet glorious. It is reasonable to believe rather that noble and graceful forms in building, and a chaste adornment, are an acceptable expression of loyal devotion to the God of the Christian as well as the God of the Jew. The infraction of the Christian law appears to begin where the motive and end of this costliness cease to be the honor of a spiritual Lord and become a satisfaction of the pride, ambition, or sensuous craving of man. The play of these emotions is subtle, and they easily pass into one another and intermingle, as will be proved if we attend to the reasons that will be given in any ordinary parish where a church is built, for making it imposing or attractive. It may be said, we presume, that the spirit of worldliness encroaches on the original law wherever the outlay is beyond the clear ability of the responsible builders, or entails an unjust obligation upon others; wherever the object of the display is a gratification of vanity or the outdoing of rivals; wherever genuineness of materials in the edifice is sacrificed to show, or solidity to frippery, or reality to appearance; wherever a "fine edifice is run up," as was recommended by a thrifty landowner, to "give business a start in the neighborhood." Much is done to impart sobriety and sacredness to church-architecture when the thoughts of the people are turned chiefly to what is signified by those august names, "The House of God," and "The House of Prayer," and where care and pains are expended more on the chancel and its symbols than on the cushions, paint, and carpets. "I will set *My Name* there"; "and I will fill this house with My glory, saith the Lord of hosts. The silver

is mine, and the gold is mine; and in this place will I give peace."

Any fine art, as belonging to a higher range of human interests than the sordid pleasures of sheer appetite and greed, is treated by Christianity with tenderness, and is capable of serving it in turn with welcome helps. On that very account, it may be, the dangers of aesthetic corruption are the more insidious. Of abuses of church-music so much has been lately said that they need not be enlarged upon here; nor could we venture to enter into a region of discussion where tastes, association and training must always produce differences which cannot be wholly reconciled. Yet, after all allowances of that sort are made, there is no denying, so long as we look directly at the scriptural and primitive accounts of Christian song in worship, especially in its relation to the Eucharist, that the secular abuses of this auxiliary to public praise are quite as gross as they have ever been represented; and that they are very much in proportion to the worldly prosperity of the congregation. No mere general objurgation is impressive; nor is it easy to describe or to analyze the incongruity between the hymns of the spiritually minded disciples and martyrs of the Lord Jesus, when the Faith was fresh on the earth, and the performances of great numbers of hired or professional choirs in the Church of our day. Granted that there is lawful room in God's house for sacred music as artistically perfect as music can be made, and that the intellectual nature has its legitimate claims there, the concession does not cover performances with which most of us are more or less acquainted. Probably the best way to expose the enormity would be, were it possible, to reveal, first, the religious condition of the singers themselves (of course we mean in the cases under criticism) who profess to lift the awful lauds and supplications to the ear of God, then the moral and financial relations of their service to the duties of the people, and then the actual current of thoughts and feelings passing through the minds of the listeners as they stand in a posture of homage to the Almighty, during the more elaborate of these vocal exercises. If a fair scrutiny of that sort would not exhibit an inconsistency with the holy ends of worship, and the holy life of the body and bride of Christ, it might be concluded that the inconsistency does not exist. Admit that it does, and are there not —among the most fastidious of our Israel— "seven thousand men" who will refuse to bow the knee to this melodious Baal at any sacrifice, singing "with the spirit and the understanding also"? To say that this is impracticable, would that not be to abrogate the Faith itself, and to question whether in His own kingdom the Lord is God?

F. D. Huntington.

## *SOME MORE QUESTIONS ABOUT OUR CHURCH.*

The favorable reception given the first series of "Questions about our Church" has encouraged the preparation of this second series.

Almost all the information many have about our Church consists of old objections which have been answered over and over. We are not making progress among some classes of people, simply because they have no opportunity of knowing what we have to offer them.

It is hardly a departure from the great work of preaching Christ's Gospel when we stop to remove the prejudices which have arisen from erroneous statements made concerning what we believe to be a pure branch of the Church He established.

It so happens, too, that many a question which is put in the form of an objection is prompted by a desire to have a difficulty removed in order that the questioner may find his way into our fold.

Such people should be helped.

It is quite probable that some of these questions might be much more wisely answered than they are here, but the writer trusts he has indicated, at least, the direction in which the truth may be found.

G. W. Shinn.

*Grace church, Newton, Mass., Advent,* 1878.

### I.

*Is it right for your Church to plant itself on the Territory Occupied by other Religious Bodies?*

The claim is sometimes made that because a town or village already has several religious organizations in it, we are not justified in attempting to establish our Church there. Efforts to do so are opposed as an infringement upon the rights of those already established, and sometimes we are accused of un-Christian conduct in sending missionaries to such places. "Why not exert your energies and spend your money elsewhere?" It is worthy of note that the attempt of other organizations to establish themselves is not considered un-Christian, where the territory has been previously occupied by our Church.

We have in mind a village where for very many years the Episcopal Church was the only religious organization in the place. Its services were attended by all the people. Its ministers were the religious guides of all the people. Its church-yard was the common burial place for all who departed this life there.

But in course of time population increased by the coming of strangers, and to-day almost every form of faith is represented there. The village has its half-dozen meeting-houses.

Was it thought un-Christian to bring in these organizations? On the contrary, some of the good people thought they were doing a good service to the cause of religion to build up their own denominations where once all united in worshipping God in the old church. Missionary societies were very zealous, and spent money freely; for said they, "There is only an Episcopal church, only that and nothing more, for 1,000 people." We have never yet heard of any delicacy whatever being felt by people of other views in trying to build up their societies in the fields preoccupied by our Church. The charge of un-Christian conduct is made only when we attempt to establish our Church in places where other bodies have gained a foothold.

But supposing that people admit our right to establish ourselves wherever we can, is it wise, is it expedient, to plant our Church in places where the ground is at all preoccupied?

The answers to be given will indicate the principles upon which much of our missionary work is to-day being done.

1st. We have a right to look after our own people wherever they may be, and to provide for them the ministrations to which they have previously been accustomed in other places.

The Church is a mother who cannot neglect her children.

Whoever has been baptized into her fold can claim her loving care, and she cannot transfer them to the care of strangers. If they refuse her care the matter is different, but she must act upon the presumption that her children will always welcome her, and so they will in nearly every case.

The formation of an Episcopal parish in a town is therefore hailed by some, perhaps their number is but few, but hailed by some as bringing to them a very great privilege —the old Church with its services.

2d. In nearly every place there are others who for one reason and another are disposed to accept the ministrations of this Church in preference to any others.

They have read something of its history, they like its order, its doctrines, its worship, and expect to connect themselves with it.

Surely no one will forbid our seeking to gratify such persons.

Even the most prejudiced opponent of Episcopacy will say to such people: "If you are convinced that you can be better and do better in the Episcopal Church than anywhere else—why by all means try it."

3rd. There is in every place an element which constitutes material for missionary effort. They are not connected with any organization. Some of them are utterly neglectful of religion. Others are living in a condition of alienation from the faith of their fathers. Shall we not be permitted to do something for such people? Will not every good man rejoice that a fresh effort is made to draw into the fold of Christ those who are living in neglect of His Gospel?

"But," say some, "we may be willing to admit your right to look after your own scattered members, to influence people who desire your Church, and to work among the neglected and neglectful classes, but if your Church comes here, strife will be stirred up among us. We will hear arguments in favor of episcopacy, liturgies, the apostolic succession, and many other points where we differ from you, and besides everything else you will not work with us in union movements, and so the elements of controversy will be brought into our peaceful community."

Essentially the same objection might be made by our Methodist friends to the planting of a Baptist society. They might say to the Baptists: "Your coming here will provoke strife, for you will teach that there is only one form of baptism, and will practically deny that we have submitted to the requirements of the Gospel."

To the Presbyterians they might say: "You come here to teach Calvinism. We accept a different system, entirely the opposite. Why should you disturb us in our own field?"

Now, the fact is that a less conflicting element is brought into a community with the entrance of the Episcopal Church than with the entrance of any other organization. The stir that is made is not usually begun by our Church, but by others, for the Church's position covers these points:

1st. That all Christians baptized with water, in the name of the blessed Trinity, are members of Christ's body.

2d. That when the history and doctrines of our Church are understood it will become a bond of union between all believers, and unite in one all who love the Lord Jesus and wait for His appearing.

This Church is thus generous and tolerant, and aims to be, not a fomenter of strife, but a visible bond of union for all shades of religious views.

Our clergy are pledged "to maintain and set forward, as much as lieth in them, quietness, peace, and love among all Christian people, and especially among them that are or shall be committed to their charge."

Having convictions, they claim the right to express them, and especially to give instruction upon such points as they deem essential to the upbuilding of their congregations in Christian knowledge.

Sometimes it may be that a clergyman, in mistaken zeal, calls too pointed attention to the religious errors he sees about him, but usually our clergy are not fond of controversies, while holding themselves ever in readiness to answer the questions of those who desire to know why we believe as we do.

In probably the most of our new parishes the plan pursued is that of quiet persistence in doing our own work rather than attacking others; and usually, where controversies have arisen, it has been because some one has urged the shallow objections to our Church which have been answered again and again.

Where, however, no such assaults are made upon us, some Christian people are grieved because of our holding ourselves aloof from their union movements, and because our pulpits are closed against their ministers. They regard us as unsympathetic because we do not unite with them, and sometimes declare that denominational differences are of no moment.

Believing, as we do, that it is a very serious matter—the perpetuating of divisions in the body of Christ — we cannot do anything that would seem to declare any one form of faith to be as good as another.

We respect the convictions of other people, and rejoice in all the good they do, but we cannot ignore the fact that Christ intended His people to be one.

Moreover, we are forbidden by the laws of this Church to permit the use of our pulpits to preachers who are not episcopally ordained. If our pulpits were open to all, what security would we have against the preaching of error?

We frankly admit that this point is one that must occasion the greatest objection to our Church, looked at from the standpoint of the members of other religious bodies. They must regard us as *unnecessarily* exclusive, and as holding in slight esteem the organizations with which they have long been connected, and which they see have done good among men.

We can only say to them that we regret the necessity for such laws as separate them from us, but that we have no responsibility in the matter.

There was once a time when all Christians believed in episcopacy, and when all ministers were ordained by bishops. When men formed societies of their own, separate from the old Church, what could be done except to declare that, as no one could foresee what an independent society would teach, therefore no one could be a lawful minister among us except he be examined, tried, and ordained in the old way?

We did not originate "the new way." We cling to the old way, and "the old is better."

A small portion of our people, not understanding the extreme importance of clinging to usages which are as old as Christianity, and thinking only of the noble spirit of many who are Christ's disciples, but who are members of societies separated from the old Church, have deprecated the existence of the laws which separate us, and have undervalued episcopal ordination and the like, but they have forgotten the history of the fifteen centuries when no Church was without a bishop, and the hopes of the time to come when, if there is to be anything like unity, there must be some central organization which has clung firmly to ancient usages. Unity cannot be upon the basis of any platform to be newly devised, nor upon the plan of ignoring great truths. It must be upon "evangelic truth and apostolic order." If we are to be one, we must seek to know what the Church was, and what it taught in the earliest and purest days of its existence. The day of reunion may be very near. It may be very far off. But whether near or distant we are certainly not to be censured for adhering to that which we believe to have been from the beginning of Christianity.

We have no authority to give it up. Even supposing that episcopacy were not directly established by the positive commands of Christ, it is a fact that the Church assumed such a form in the beginning.

If thus it shaped itself according to the will of the indwelling Spirit, we must surely wait until it is revealed by the same Spirit that the time for a change has come.

But taking any view of the matter we may, it is yet possible for Christian people, however much they may differ upon these points, to dwell together side by side in peace, and to labor for the spread of Christ's kingdom.

The planting of an Episcopal church in a community does not imply that strife must necessarily follow, or that any good work done for Christ will be hindered. On the contrary, we have no strife to wage with Christian believers. Our warfare is with sin.

If, however, the inquiry be started, why our Church is different from other bodies, it would not be honest to declare that it is only another denomination with recently devised peculiarities. We must tell the story of its descent from apostles, and explain the principles which it has in its keeping, and show how widely its arms are ever stretched out to welcome all who would return to the old paths.

## *ENGLAND.*

English Church Union.—At a recent meeting of this body a resolution was adopted asserting that "any court which is bound to frame its decisions in accordance with the judgment of the judicial committee of the privy council, or any other secular court, does not possess any spiritual authority with respect to such decisions." Another resolution pronounces the laws of the realm in reference to marriage and divorce at variance with the doctrine and discipline of the Church in sundry grave particulars; and calls upon Churchmen "steadfastly to maintain that doctrine and discipline, to refuse to avail themselves of any unlawful privileges offered by the secular law, and to resist all attempts to desecrate the office of holy matrimony by celebrating, with Christian rites, marriages which are unholy and forbidden to Christians."

Prosecution Desired. — The method of conducting service at St. Peter's, London, has been complained of, and the bishop has been requested to commence proceedings against the rector.

Catherine of Aragon.—The Dean of Peterborough (Dr. Perowne) writes to the papers that the dean and chapter have for some time had under their consideration the best method of preserving the slab which covers the grave of Queen Catherine of Aragon. "Its position, immediately in front of the north entrance to the choir," says the dean, "renders this a matter of some difficulty; but steps will shortly be taken, not only to protect the grave, but, as I hope, to erect some monument to the memory of 'the true wife' of Henry VIII."

The Princess Alice.—It appears that the late princess was at one time an admirer of Strauss, the infidel author of the "Life of Christ." But of late a complete change had passed over her mind, and she found peace in a firm faith in Jesus Christ as the only Saviour for sinners. Her interment was on Wednesday, December 18th, in the ducal mausoleum at Rosenhole, near Darmstadt. The English ritual was read During the time of the burial Queen Victoria and the royal family attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle.

St. Peter's, London Docks.—Complaint was made of the illegality of certain services at St. Peter's, London Docks. The Archbishop of Canterbury, after taking the subject into consideration, replied that intricate points of law likely to affect this case having been raised in a recent decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, against which an appeal has been lodged, he did not deem it expedient that proceedings should be taken in the case of St. Peter's till, by the decision of the highest court, these points shall have been determined.

## *GERMANY.*

Relations with the Vatican.—In a debate in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet on the 11th of December, the motion being to alter the laws by virtue of which religious orders and congregations in Prussia are dissolved, Dr. Falk, opposing the motion, gave a clear statement of the position of the government toward the Roman Church. He declared that a sufficient substitute had now been provided for the services formerly rendered by the religious orders in question, and in regard to schools the government was determined not to retrace its steps. He added: "The government desires peace with the Church, but cannot in negotiating it entertain altogether unacceptable conditions. To the proposals of the Centre, which would destroy all past legislation against the encroachments of the Catholic Church, the government opposes an unconditional refusal. The conditions proposed by that party are such as may be presented to an opponent who is bound hand and foot, but not to one who still stands upright and will eternally remain so standing. The Centre party does not wish for peace. It fights for fighting's sake. On the other hand, a peace-loving pope is now on the throne, who has in many ways given proof of his love of peace. The German Government was and still is ready to conclude peace on the basis of the crown prince's letter to the pope; but though there may be a mutual desire for a pacific settlement, matters cannot proceed as quickly as might be wished. The peace concluded must be made as durable as possible. The present proposal to let the matter rest by not giving effect to the law cannot possibly be carried out. Practical propositions for a modification of the May laws are up to the present entirely wanting, and such a course could only be approached by the government if peace were seriously sought and pledges given. The government will not give up for nothing the position it has achieved with so much difficulty. The possession of the present legal powers has been and continues to be a necessity for the proper administration of the country."

## *BELGIUM.*

Sunday Observance.—It is well that those in America who are more than half inclined to favor the "continental" fashion of observing the Lord's day (which means making it little more than a mere holiday) should be reminded that the Europeans are themselves seeing the evil of thus secularizing what is holy, and are agitating the subject of reform. A late Roman Catholic congress held in Lisle, recommended abstention from giving or attending hunting or fishing parties on Sunday, and avoidance of Sunday travelling except in case of necessity.

Decline of Religious Art.—The same congress in a report complained of the degeneracy of art in the matter of making images. It has become a trade, and artists, instead of producing works which were born in prayer and supernatu-

ral vision, work with a view to supplying a demand. These works are clever and ingenious, but not Christian.

*VERMONT.*

SHELDON—*Grace Church.*—The Rev. Dr. A. H. Bailey, rector of this church, writes:

The many friends whose benevolence, often unasked, has relieved our embarrassment, and given us this great pleasure, should be informed that on Christmas-day our new church was first opened for Divine service. We have permanent and beautiful windows, from Mr. J. C. Spence, of Montreal, instead of the temporary ones once contemplated. Also a good furnace instead of stoves, and good pews for the body of the house. The organ will probably be set up in a few days. For other furniture we can wait until it can be supplied. The consecration must be deferred until the debts are fully paid; but we expect these will be moderately lessened during the year ending next spring. The bishop most kindly consented to celebrate with us, and some former parishioners came hundreds of miles to join with us.

*MASSACHUSETTS.*

BOSTON — *Christ Church.* — Historic Christ church had a most interesting service on New Year's eve, a large audience, composed of clergymen and Church people of Boston, with the congregation, assembling to see the old year out and the new year in with appropriate services. The Rev. Dr. Burroughs (the rector) was detained at home by sickness, and the Rev. Messrs. J. H. Ward, J. H. Waterbury, and W. C. Winslow conducted the services. For nearly a century and a half a midnight service has been held in some form on New Year's eve, aided by the oldest chime of bells in America. It is the rule at the church, which is the oldest in Boston, and, except the Province House, the oldest public building in the city, to ring this chime of bells every night for one week before and one week after Christmas, and on the last night of the year until twelve o'clock. An appropriate address, with reference to this fact, was made by Mr. Winslow. Mr. Ward took up the thought suggested by the going out of the year, and contrasted what was temporal and momentary in our experiences with the permanent results in character which are to be carried into eternity. Mr. Waterbury followed, exhorting his hearers to search their hearts and take new steps in a higher life. The choir sang hymns between the addresses, and for ten minutes before midnight, the bell tolling the year out, the congregation engaged in silent prayer, the benediction being pronounced as the clock struck twelve. Then the merry peals rang out from the tower, while the old organ below responded in a jubilant strain. The invited guests, to the number of 100 or more, then adjourned to the Sunday-school hall to enjoy a substantial supper.

*Christmas in and about Boston.*—A New England paper, in giving an account of the Christmas observances in a town not far from this city, filled its columns with reports of the Christmas trees, the choral services, the sermons, the fine music, the rich decorations, etc., of the Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational churches, and had no room for even an allusion to the doings of the Church. This fact singularly illustrates the very marked change that has come over Massachusetts in the past few years with reference to the observance of the Christmas festival. Year by year there is the growth of interest in it. From being utterly disregarded it became a sort of home festival; but gradually it is recognized by nearly all sorts and conditions of men here as a religious day, to be celebrated in a very marked manner.

*The Rev. J. H. Ward's Work.*—Probably never in the history of the American Church have the clergy been more earnest in the endeavor to meet the circumstances of the day, and in some new way bring the old truths to the minds and hearts of the people. In a letter to the present rector of Mr. Ward's former parish he makes this statement of what he is doing in Boston:

BOSTON, December 21st, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. WIDDEMER: I cannot refuse your kind request for some account of what I am trying to do in Boston, when you assure me that many of my old parishioners would like to know about it, though it is not easy to speak of one's own work.

It has been my conviction for a long time that if our Church employed more agencies for winning people to a reasonable, religious, and holy belief in Christ, and in the truths which He taught to men, the response would be hearty, and a larger work might be done for the Master. The Prayer Book is a precious treasure, but our New England people have not to any extent been bred to appreciate it, and have to be won to it slowly. Then, though the Church teaches the whole truth about the religious life, this needs to be taught so that people can understand it in plain English, if they are to be lifted to the positive plane which is above the loose and free opinions of the hour about religion. This work must be done chiefly by our Church if it is done at all; and it is possible to do it if you have the men and the means in every considerable town in the more populous parts of the country.

What I am trying to do is to meet these intelligent and active people, found in all the walks of life, who are not satisfied with the religious teachings in which they have been bred, and are longing for some such wholesome and complete statement of religious truth as our own branch of the Church has both received and taught.

The beginning was made tentatively last spring. The first thing to be done was to ascertain whether there were people in Boston who could be interested in such a movement. The way in which it was thought best to make the test experiment was to request me to give a course of religious lectures upon special subjects in the Union Hall, on successive Sunday afternoons. This I did. The movement began with a course of twelve lectures on "Present Doubts and Difficulties in Religion and Morals." They were received with more favor than was expected, and when they were ended the request was made that the work should go on as it had now begun. The plans were then fully laid before Bishop Paddock, who kindly gave the work his sanction, and the lectures were resumed last September, under much more favorable auspices than we had dared to hope for. It takes a long time to do anything in an old and conservative city like Boston; but it is plain, from the private and public response thus far given, that the lectures have in some sense met a want, and the clergy and Church people in the city have given the movement much encouragement. It will need, for a good while, the helping hand of those who appreciate its purpose. It is slightly a departure from the regular line of parish work, but it is in no sense an attempt to do anything strange or sensational, but simply an earnest and honest effort to help people in ways which commend themselves to our common sense in matters of religion; to meet frankly and intelligently the needs of those who find themselves in religious perplexity. This is the point where help is often desired by young men. They want the help of a clergyman who speaks what he honestly thinks and yet is not a radical. The need of the hour is to build up, and not to tear down.

This is the plan of the work. What it will be in the future, God only knows. It is my purpose to always have this Sunday afternoon lecture for the people, and make its teachings at once so broad and so catholic that they shall, if possible, meet the wants of persons who think in widely different lines. The teaching will be positive, square, uncontroversial, yet always sympathetic towards the doubts and difficulties in which men find themselves. Our experience, so far, is that Christian instruction which has this object in view is warmly appreciated. People respond to it. It is not the fashion to attend religious services in Boston in the afternoon, but we always have a good congregation at the Union Hall. If the audience numbers 250, which is about the average attendance now, more than 200 will be men, and 100 of these will be men from twenty to thirty years of age. It is composed entirely of adults, and has now reached a point where it is increasing quite rapidly. The people come because they like to, and I have never spoken to more attentive listeners. It is not an ordinary Sunday audience. Not more than a dozen persons in the whole company are communicants of our Church, but no clergyman could ask for people who respond more heartily to what they are requested to do. Whether asked to engage in the congregational singing or to take a part in the more strictly devotional service, they are always ready, and the social feeling thus encouraged is the atmosphere of the whole movement. The Rev. Dr. Tucker has allowed me to print a special edition of the best tunes (with the hymns from his hymnal), and every person in the audience is thus able to take a full part in the worship. An offering is received at the close of each lecture, and the lecture service always closes with the benediction. Then we have a short volunteers' rehearsal, with abundant opportunities for hand-shaking, and for pleasant words with new-comers. An hour before the lecture begins, there is an instruction class in the hall for young men who desire to ask questions on religious subjects, and as the work goes on and the classes increase, some of the most intelligent Church people in Boston will be asked to become instructors. One is always glad to know that he is not beating the air, and what has touched me more than anything else since this work was begun, took place this week. Some of the young men have been telling me what the lectures have begun to do for them in the direction of clearer views of truth and duty.

JULIUS H. WARD.

*Boston, December 21st, 1878.*

*Monday Meetings of the Clergy.*—The clergy of the city and vicinity keep up their meetings on Mondays, at 10:30 A. M., at the church rooms, with considerable interest. A carefully prepared essay is read each week by some one previously appointed.

ONE MORE VICTIM.—The recent death of a most estimable clergyman in this diocese was occasioned by a brave effort he made to save the property of his parish. A note fell due, its collection was pressed, and the rector went about from place to place begging the necessary amount. The result was a painful illness, and then his death.

NEWBURYPORT—*St. Paul's Church.*—On Christmas-day this church received gifts of a new altar, super-altar, and memorial altar cross, from persons connected with the parish, and of a new corona, procured with the contributions of a number of children of the parish.

NEW BEDFORD—*St. James's Church.*—The new St. James's church (the Rev. C. H. Proctor, rector), recently opened for Divine worship, is nearly completed, and is a beautiful structure. It is built of brick, with stone trimmings and located on the corner of Linden and County streets, the dimensions of the building being seventy-one by thirty-nine feet, with a chancel fourteen feet deep. A tower is placed at the north-east corner, forty five feet high.

The interior of the church is handsomely fitted, the walls being finished with ornamental brick-work and plaster. There will be a central and a side aisle, and the furniture, which is not yet placed, will be of pine. The ceiling is open-timbered and decorated in colors. The organ chamber is located at the side of the chancel. Much of the furniture of the church is given by individuals, and several of the windows are memorials. The cost of the church was $15,000, all of which is secured with the exception of about $3,000. The architect is Mr. William Brocklesby, of Hartford, Conn.

The church was opened for worship for the first time on Christmas-eve, when a dedicatory service was said; and service was also held in it on Christmas-day.

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE DR. WELLS.—In response to the call of a committee, consisting of the Rev. Messrs. Shinn, Prescott, and Gray, a meeting was held in Trinity chapel, Boston, to confer as to the best mode of commemorating the character and services of the late Dr. Wells, so long a devoted missionary to the poor of Boston.

The bishop of the diocese presided, and Mr. J. S. Blatchford was made secretary. Addresses were made by the bishop, the Rev. Dr. Brooks, Dr. Eliot, Mr. R. T. Paine, and others, and letters were read from Bishop Huntington, Mr. Russel Sturgis, and personal friends of Dr. Wells. The addresses and letters referred in glowing terms to the noble work so well done by the good man during nearly half a century, and the sentiment expressed in Bishop Hunting

ington's letter was fully endorsed—"He was a modern saint, and we should not forget him."

It was thought best not to come to any immediate decision as to what shape the memorial should assume, but to refer it to a committee, and accordingly the following persons were appointed: The Rev. Messrs. Converse, Fales, Prescott, Howe, and Wright, and Messrs. Mudge, Paine, Eliot, Blatchford, and Sturgis.

The two plans most favorably regarded are the construction of a free church for the poor, and the endowment of a ward or bed in St. Luke's Home. It is thought there will be but little difficulty in gathering together $10,000, or even more.

The trustees of the Boston City Mission expect to continue the work of Dr. Wells by building, as the need grows, mission chapels in various parts of Boston. They have completed one in Washington village, and in good time will rebuild St. Stephen's church.

## *CONNECTICUT.*

ORDINATION.—On Saturday, the 28th of December, 1878, in St. Luke's church, Darien, the bishop of the diocese admitted to the diaconate Mr. Henry B. Jefferson, formerly a Presbyterian licentiate. Mr. Johannes Rochstroh, formerly a German Evangelical Lutheran minister, in charge of a church in New York city, was confirmed. This gentleman intends to enter the ministry, and will be in charge of the German mission at Stamford until his ordination.

## *NEW YORK.*

NEW YORK—*Jewish Missions.*—An event in many respects noteworthy occurred on December 30th, 1878, in the celebration of a Christmas festival by the school for Jewish children in this city, under the charge of the Church Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. The large school-room of St. Mark's chapel, on Avenue A, was filled. The children, under the direction of Miss Ellis, the principal, sang Christmas carols with a heartiness rarely equalled, and repeated with great precision the passages in the Old and New Testaments which relate to the coming and Messianic mission of the Babe of Bethlehem. There was a large assemblage of Jews, who seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion. Among these were many who were devout and earnest converts, and many looking toward the Faith.

Addresses were made by the Rev. John Coleman, of Connecticut; the Rev. Dr. S. M. Haskins, of Brooklyn; the Rev. Messrs. Frederick Courtney and H. B. Ensworth of this city, and the Rev. C. Ellis Stevens, secretary of the association.

Several baptisms have taken place in the school of late, the parents of the children also embracing Christianity. The missionary and colportage departments of the society's work are in energetic operation in New York and in the West.

*General Canvas for City Charities.* — On Tuesday, January 14th, applications will be made simultaneously at the different houses in this city for clothing, provisions, and supplies of all kinds, for the charities of the city. The applications will be made under the authority of a general committee appointed for the purpose by a meeting held at the mayor's office, December 26th, 1878. Persons authorized to make the applications will bear credentials signed by the Rev. C. T. Woodruff, chairman of the general committee; the Rev. Willard Parsons, chairman of the executive committee; and Mr. Charles A. Bunting, secretary. All donors may designate the objects to which they desire that their gifts should be devoted. Church people will do well to give their contributions to those charities, among others, which are maintained by the Church, such as St. Luke's Hospital, St. Barnabas House, etc.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.—The committee on work for foreign missionaries of the Woman's Auxiliary for this diocese held its first meeting of the season on Monday, November 4th, in the Trinity chapel rooms, New York. This committee consists of eight members, viz., Miss Cornelia Jay, president; Mrs. James A. Serymser, vice-president; Miss Jay, vice-president; Mrs. C. McLean, vice-president; Mrs. Alonzo Potter, vice-president; Miss Fanny Schuyler, recording secretary; Miss Julia C. Emery, corresponding secretary, and the Rev. Joshua Kimber, treasurer. The monthly meetings are held on the first Monday of every month, from November to May, inclusive, in the Trinity chapel rooms, at 2:30 P. M.

About forty ladies were present at this first meeting, being representatives of the different parishes that had united in the work for foreign missions. The meeting was opened with prayer and the reading of Scripture by Miss Cornelia Jay, president, and the minutes of the previous meeting were read by Miss Fanny Schuyler. The treasurer's report showed a marked increase in the contributions over those of the previous year.

After the reading of this report by Miss Julia C. Emery, Mrs. Fordyce Barker, reporting for Calvary parish, stated that two "farewell services" had been held, with the consent of the rector, in Calvary chapel, Fourth avenue, for the missionaries—the Rev. Mr. Sayers and wife, and the Rev. Mr. Bates and wife—previous to their departure for China. "The group of friends then present gave the nature of a family service to the administration, on these occasions, of the Holy Communion."

The president reported that twelve new parishes had been added during the year to the list of those already contributng, making in all thirty-five parishes organized for this work, viz:

NEW YORK CITY.

Calvary church, Calvary chapel, Grace church, church of the Heavenly Rest, church of the Holy Apostles, church of the Incarnation, St. Ambrose's church, St. Paul's chapel, St. Philip's church, St. Thomas's church, Trinity church, Trinity chapel, and Zion church.

COUNTRY PARISHES.

St. Stephen's, Armonck; St. Matthew's, Bedford; St. James's, Fordham; Zion church, Greenburgh; St. Thomas's, Mamaroneck; St. Luke's, Matteawan; Grace church, Monroe; Trinity church, Morrisania; Trinity church, New Rochelle; Christ church, Pelham; church of the Redeemer, Pelhamville; St. Paul's, Tivoli; Christ church, Rye; St. Peter's, Westchester; St. John's, Yonkers; St. Mary's, Castleton; St. John's, Clifton; Christ church, New Brighton; church of the Holy Comforter, Southfield; Ascension church, West Brighton; church of St. James the Less, Scarsdale.

Offerings have also been made by individuals, and the contributions for the year have amounted to very nearly $7,000, an increase of more than $3,000 over the previous year. Over one hundred meetings have been held during the year in the different parishes, and several bishops and prominent clergymen have been most kind in making addresses on these occasions. The Rev. Drs. H. C. Potter, John Cotton Smith, and R. H. McKim, and the Rev. Messrs. Arthur Brooks and C. C. Tiffany have delivered addresses on week-days. The Rev. Frederick Courtney has also been most kind and cordial in his responses to invitations to speak on these occasions.

Many of the missionaries who have returned to recruit their strength at home, by means of these meetings have been brought face to face with numbers of their unknown friends, which has greatly refreshed them in spirit. "We had no idea of this," said the Rev. Mr. Fair at a meeting in Pelham, where many were grasping him by the hand and wishing him "God speed" in his work. "We shall go back to work now in Africa, no longer feeling that we are *alone*. It is all one work I see; *you* at this end of the line, and *we* at the other."

The following is a list of the scholarships of this association:

Two *endowed scholarships*, at $1,500 each.
Susan M. Schereschewsky, a lady, $1,000.
Cornelia Jay (by contributions), $939.30.
Scholarships supported by annual payments:
Willy Edgar, Mr. R. W. Edgar, $40.
Arthur Van Rensselaer, Mrs. W. P. Van Rensselaer, $40.
Francis Shirly, Mrs. W. P. Van Rensselaer, $40.
Scholarship, Haiti, Calvary chapel, $75.
Sunday-school scholarship, Haiti, $25.
Haiti, Grace church, $115.
Cornelia Prime, B., a lady, Holy Apostles', $40.
Edmund Lincoln, B., a lady, Holy Apostles', $50.
Dr. Haight, St. Paul's chapel, $40.
Alice Sandford, St. Paul's chapel, $50.
Fay scholarship, St. Thomas's, $40.
Hobart (a few ladies), Trinity church, $40.
Hope scholarship, Rye, $40.
Faith scholarship, Rye, $40.
Chelsea female scholarship, $40.
Virginia Clark, children, St. Paul's church, Yonkers, $30.

These scholarships have become a favorite channel for aiding the foreign mission work, and are often given in memory of a lost child or friend, for *whom they are named*. The committee hope that many among the friends of this work who may have been called to enter the paths of sorrow and affliction, may feel their hearts and sympathies drawn in this way to this mission work. The "scholarships" in the new school in Africa, just opened by the devoted Bishop of Africa, at Cape Mount, Liberia, cost but twenty-five dollars a year each for the entire education of a heathen child in the Christian life.

TOMPKINSVILLE—*St. Paul's Memorial Church.*—On the evening of St. John's-day, December 27th, 1878, the choir of this parish (the Rev. A. U. Stanley, rector) celebrated its anniversary in the church. A committee appointed for the purpose of ascertaining which three boys of the choir were entitled to the usual prizes for good behavior, etc., during the past year, having reported the names of Clarkson Stanley, Louis B. Metcalfe, and Christopher Bradley, the rector delivered the prizes to them in the presence of the congregation.

Mr. Stanley afterwards made an address, in which he welcomed the former members of the choir who were present in the church, and spoke of the solemnity of the duties of choirs in the worship of God. Dr. King, formerly connected with the choir, then responded to Mr. Stanley's welcome in an interesting address. At the conclusion of the addresses gifts were distributed to the choir, after which a supper was served.

The choir has been in existence about eleven years, serving gratuitously, and has numbered in that time over eighty members. At the service described above twenty-four present members and about eighteen ex-members sang, all being vested in surplices.

MOUNT KISCO.—Mr. John Jay, of New York city, is publishing in the Mount Kisco *Weekly*, a journal issued at this place, a series of letters controverting Romish error.

AUSABLE FORKS — *St. James's Church.* — A new altar cross was presented to this church on Christmas-day by Miss Abby Rogers, and a set of altar-hangings by Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Graves.

## *LONG ISLAND.*

QUEENS CHAPEL. — The chapel at Queens, which was bought by the St. George's Brotherhood, of Flushing, some years since, in order to prevent its loss to the Church, for $1,350, has still a debt of $350 on it. A strong effort has been made during the last two months by Mr. Prince, who has charge of the chapel for the brotherhood, to liquidate this amount by a course of lectures and subscriptions. The mission is in very successful operation, and will probably be one of the first stations supplied with regular clerical services from the cathedral at Garden City, when that is opened.

PARKVILLE—*St. John's Church.*—The Sunday-school of this parish lately lost one of its promising members under peculiar and distressing circumstances. His name was Peter Alfred Partridge Stretch, and his age twelve years. The family until last spring had resided in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, and were members of Christ church, the rector of which (the Rev. Alfred Partridge) baptized this little boy when an infant, giving him his own name. On Monday, December 30th, he was killed. Two bears held by a chain had been kept for many months in front of a public-house on the boulevard. Peter Stretch happened to be standing with his back to these creatures, and within their reach. The male bear suddenly attacked and seized him, and before he could be rescued, bit and mangled him to death. The bear was killed with much diffi-

culty by some who rushed to the spot. Peter, a bright and exemplary boy, is deeply mourned not only by his family, but by the Sunday-school of St. John's church, Parkville. His burial took place on January 1st, the Rev. R. B. Snowden, rector, reading the service, and the Rev. Mr. Partridge offering some fitting words of consolation to the afflicted friends.

### *ALBANY.*

CONVOCATION OF OGDENSBURGH.—The archdeacon of this convocation (the Rev. Dr. Howard) visited Trinity chapel, Morley, and St. Philip's mission, Madrid, on the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th of December, 1878, and, together with the missionary, held two services at the former, and six at the latter place; visiting also all persons connected with the Church in Madrid. In Madrid twenty candidates for Holy Baptism were found, and at least five for confirmation; while a Sunday-school is to be formed at once, and a lay-reader is expected soon to assist the missionary and occasionally take his place.

### *WESTERN NEW YORK.*

THE BISHOP STORM-BOUND.—The bishop of the diocese was obliged to spend Christmas on board of a storm-bound train, in a snow-drift near Grimesville.

NEWARK—*Silver Wedding.*—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the Rev. James P. Foster (rector of St. Mark's church) and his wife was celebrated on the evening of Monday, December 16th, 1878. A large number of friends assembled at the rectory, and many valuable gifts were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Foster.

ROCHESTER—*St. James's Church.*—The cornerstone of the chapel of this church was laid by the bishop of the diocese on the 27th of last December. The bishop was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Foote and the Rev. Messrs. Dennis, Doty, Greenwood, Wolseley, and Wood.

### *NEW JERSEY.*

ELIZABETH—*Christ Church.*—A new stained-glass window has been placed in the north transept of this church by friends of the late Miss Nancy Taylor as a memorial of her pure Christian life and her benefactions to the parish. A legacy of several thousand dollars, left to the parish by Miss Taylor's will, completed the payment of the debt on its church, and enabled the church to be consecrated last year. The design of the window represents Anna the Prophetess.

### *NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.*

NEWARK—*St. Matthew's German Church.*—The Sunday-school of this church (the Rev. C. F. W. Treptow, minister in charge) celebrated its annual festival, with a Christmas-tree, on Christmas-eve, seventeen teachers and over 200 scholars taking part in it. After prayers and singing, over 200 gifts were distributed.

Much good work is being done among the Germans of Newark through this church. An appeal has been made for clothing for the poor children of the parish, but none has been received. The claims of the work upon benevolent Church people are great, and it is still hoped that they will respond to them.

### *PENNSYLVANIA.*

PHILADELPHIA—*Church of the Beloved Disciple.*—On the afternoon of Tuesday, December 24th, a fire broke out in the cellar of this church (the Rev. J. Pleasanton Du Hamel, rector). The fire originated in a wooden air chamber, which was ignited from a portable heater. The furniture of the chancel was disarranged and somewhat injured, and a small portion of the floor near the chancel was slightly burned. A fire had been kindled in the heater about a half-hour before the flames were discovered for the purpose of warming the church preparatory to preparing the Christmas decorations. The Christmas services were not interrupted.

*St. Matthias's Church.*—On the evening of Tuesday, December 31st, 1878, a service of welcome to the Rev. R. A. Edwards, rector-elect of the parish, was held in the church. After prayers and singing an address of welcome was delivered, to which Mr. Edwards feelingly replied. Other addresses were then made, after which a reception was given to Mr. Edwards in the chapel.

WEST PHILADELPHIA—*Trinity Church.*—The rector of this church (the Rev. Dallas Tucker) has organized a singing class of thirty-five men and women, which meets fortnightly and receives instruction in vocal music. A general invitation has been extended to all persons in the parish and residents of the immediate neighborhood to become members. On account of the size of the class the best instruction is obtained at a trifling expense.

*West Philadelphia—Trinity Church.*—At the Christmas festival of the children of this church a novel feature was introduced. Under the head "Iconoclasm" (or image-breaking) on the programme, the children presented earthen money-jugs, which were broken, one by one, by the superintendent, and the contents presented as a Christmas offering to parish missions.

TORRESDALE—*Death of the Rev. Dr. Beasley*—A Philadelphia journal gives the following particulars of the death of the Rev. Dr. Beasley, announced in THE CHURCHMAN of last week: The Rev. F. W. Beasley, D.D., for the past forty-four years rector of All Saints' church, Torresdale, died suddenly, of heart disease, on Saturday morning, December 28th, at the rectory, in the seventy-first year of his age. He had been complaining for some time of trouble in the region of the heart, but no immediately dangerous result was apprehended. On Saturday a married daughter, who had been spending a few days with him, designed returning to her home, in this city, when her father walked with her to the station. While waiting for the train Dr. Beasley was seized with a slight spasm, which soon passed off, and he and his daughter walked back to the rectory, entering the parlor of which he fell dead in his daughter's arms.

Dr. Beasley was born in this city, in 1807, and was the son of the Rev. Dr. F. W. Beasley, an eminent scholar and divine, who was Provost of the University of Pennsylvania from 1815 to 1825. He was educated at the university, under the supervision of his father, and afterwards studied theology at the General Theological Seminary in New York, but did not graduate. In 1830 he was admitted to Deacon's Orders by the venerable Bishop White, and assigned to the charge of Trinity church, Easton, where he remained four years. In 1834 he was ordained priest, and took charge of All Saints' church, Lower Dublin, where he has remained ever since.

Dr. Beasley was a quiet, unassuming man, an exemplary Christian, and an affectionate parent, and was greatly beloved by his parishioners, one of whom, Alexander Brown, Esq., of the banking-house of Brown Brothers & Co, of this city and New York, about four years ago built him a handsome parsonage as a testimony of his esteem.

### *CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.*

LANCASTER—*St. James's Church.*—On Christmas day the choir of this church (the Rev. Cyrus F. Knight, rector) appeared for the first time vested in surplices.

READING—*St. Barnabas's Church.*—In this church (the Rev. W. B. Burk, rector) a midnight service of song was held on Christmas-eve, addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. Edwards and Burk, and offerings were taken up. On the evening of Christmas-day the festival of the Sunday-school was held, with a Christmas-tree. Addresses were made by Bishop Howe and the Rev. Messrs. Long and Burk.

### *MARYLAND.*

ILLNESS OF THE BISHOP.—We regret to state that the venerable Bishop Whittingham has been confined to his bed by illness for some time past, and no friends, besides his family, are permitted to see him.

WASHINGTON—*Church of the Incarnation.*—For the past two years the only Christmas gifts presented to the Sunday-school children of this church (the Rev. Dr. I. L. Townsend, rector) have been in the form of candy, and instead of receiving other gifts the children have brought offerings of money, provisions, clothing, or other articles for the benefit of the poor of the parish, the distribution of which has been made by the Ladies' Aid Society. In this way quite a large offering is made for the poor, and the children of the Sunday-school are practically taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and are apparently very happy in learning the lesson. The custom was followed at the last Christmas festival, held on St. Stephen's-day, 1878, and the rector made the practice the theme of his address at the festival celebration.

The Sunday-school now numbers about 280, and is thoroughly instructed by Dr. Townsend. The Sunday afternoon services are intended especially for the children, but are well attended by the older members of the parish.

BALTIMORE.—The Christmas services in the churches of this city were largely attended, especially the early celebrations of the Holy Communion; and in some of the churches there was evening service.

Bishop Clarkson, of Nebraska, was in the city recently, and officiated in some of the churches.

The Rev. George Kinsolving has left the city for Cincinnati. His late parish (St. Mark's church, in this city) regrets his departure, but rejoices in the prospect of the approaching rectorship of the former superintendent of the Sunday-school—the Rev. E. L. Kemp.

The Rev. E. P. Gray, who lately entered upon his duties as rector of St. George's church, has suffered a severe loss in the death of his child, Bertha, aged twelve years.

BARNESVILLE—*Consecration of a Church*—On Thursday, December 19th, 1878, the assistant bishop consecrated Christ church at this place to the worship of Almighty God, assisted by several clergymen. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Paret. A new organ, presented by the assistant bishop, was used at the service. The church is located in St. Peter's parish, Montgomery county, of which the Rev. Henry Thomas is rector.

MOUNT WASHINGTON—*St. John's Church.*—This church (the Rev. Dr. J. B. Purcell, rector) is constantly increasing in prosperity. It has more than quadrupled its number of communicants during the pastorate of the present rector, who, upon assuming the rectorship six years ago, found it only a little mission under the care of the American Church Missionary Society. It has been self-supporting for the last three years, and bids fair to become a strong parish. More than a hundred children of the Sunday-school were present at the Christmas-tide festival. Bishop Clarkson preached in the church on the Sunday after Christmas.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.—The Woman's Auxiliary in this diocese, during the year ending in May, 1878, received $1,162.42 for missions among the Indians, not including $220 contributed towards the education of the four young Indians now under the care of the Bishop of Central New York. To foreign missions $1,692.78 has been contributed through the agency of the Auxiliary.

### *WEST VIRGINIA.*

MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.—A meeting of the diocesan missionary committee was held in Point Pleasant, on Wednesday, December 11th, 1878. Only the bishop and the clerical members, the Rev. Messrs. Lacy and Cobbs, were present, the others being unavoidably detained at home. In the exercise of the liberty granted at the time of its appointment, the Rev. R. A. Gibson was elected an additional member, and was present at all the subsequent sittings. A careful review of the field showed a very encouraging prospect, and a number of special appropriations were made to assist the bishop in carrying our services to points where they are urgently needed and greatly desired. The committee is now furnishing assistance to these missionaries, and the condition of the treasury warrants the belief that their stipends will be promptly paid on the first of each quarter.

In addition to the above-mentioned clergymen the Rev. Messrs. R. H. Mason and Lea were also in attendance. Advantage was taken by the rector of the presence of so many of his brethren to hold an "association," which continued with

increasing interest and attendance until Sunday night, when confirmation was administered to six persons. On Friday night a missionary meeting was held, at which addresses were delivered by the bishop and the Rev. Messrs. Gibson, Lea, and Cobbs, followed by a brief appeal from the rector. The Rev. Mr. Lea gave a most interesting account of his missionary work along the lower portion of the C. & O. Railway, and showed not only his own eminent fitness for the work, but also a most encouraging prospect for large and permanent results.—*Correspondence of the Southern Churchman.*

### *NORTH CAROLINA.*

EDENTON CONVOCATION.—This convocation assembled in St. Thomas's church, Windsor, on Saturday, December 28th, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M. Six of the clergy and five laymen were present. After the usual religious services, the dean called on the Rev. N. Harding, the essayist for the occasion, to read the essay, the subject being, "What are the best means to be adopted to stem the rising tide of infidelity?" A discussion of the topic of the essay followed its reading.

Divine service was held on Saturday evening, and a sermon was delivered by the Rev. R. B. Drane, after which another business meeting followed.

On Sunday, the 29th, Divine service was celebrated, with the Holy Communion, and the Rev. N. C. Hughes, dean of the convocation, preached. At the same time service was held in Grace church, Bertie county, sixteen miles distant from Windsor, by the Rev. Messrs. E. Wootten and R. B. Drane, the latter delivering the sermon. Both clergymen returned to Windsor the same day. A missionary service was held at night, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. H. G. Hilton and Israel Harding.

On the morning of the 30th a meeting was held in the house of Dr. Wilson, and after a brief session (at which Mr. F. A. Boyle, of Hamilton, was present as a delegate) and closing prayers the convocation adjourned to meet in Williamston, March 28th, 1879.

### *FLORIDA.*

THE BISHOP'S HEALTH.—Bishop Young has been sick in St. Luke's hospital, New York city, since December 14th. He has so far recovered that he was able to leave on the steamer "Atlanta" for Charleston, January 7th, on his return to his diocese. At the request of the Bishop of New York, Bishop Young, a few days before his departure, administered confirmation in the chapel of St. Luke's hospital to 17 persons, who were presented by the Rev. Geo. S. Baker, the pastor and superintendent.

### *TENNESSEE.*

MEMPHIS—*Memorial Service and Sermon.*—A service, with celebration of the Holy Communion, was held in St. Mary's cathedral on Sunday morning, December 22d, 1878, in memory of the priests, sisters, and members of the cathedral parish and of the military organization known as the Bluff City Grays who died of yellow fever last summer. The remaining members of the Grays and the Chickasaw Guards were present at the service, in full dress uniform, together with a very large congregation. The Rev. Dr. Harris, dean of the cathedral, was assisted in the service by the Rev. Mr. Linn, of Mississippi.

The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Harris, from Hebrews xi. 21. It was an interesting exposition of the power of Christian faith as a supporting staff in life, and especially during the sufferings which had desolated Memphis during the past year. In concluding his sermon, Dr. Harris said:

Especially strong did it seem in the day of danger, the long drawn out day which tried men's souls and tried their faith in God, and tried their love for man; which put the utmost tension on the strongest nerve of priests and sisters and people, civilians and soldiers; which also brought to so many the death unto which they were faithful. I know of many little incidents in the latter life of many whom we commemorate to-day, which would well illustrate their strong faith and their great trust in the loving providence of God, and at the same time their entire willingness, and even great anxiety, to have God choose for them the issue of it all. Time would fail me to speak now of these incidents as under other circumstances I should be glad to do. But I must not forego the mention of one such incident which seems to be a typical one, and wherein expression is given in words to thoughts which were in many another heart. A man said one morning to a woman: "You are attempting too much. You must desist. If the fever strikes you in this condition you will be sure to die. Go home." And the woman said slowly, and with deep feeling: "No, I shall go on as I am. I shall do my duty, and I would do it if I knew certainly the result would be as you say. I would gladly die to save the patient's life." The patient lives to-day, and that tireless daughter of the Divine Love is in paradise. Dear brethren, I know no words in which to tell the deep admiration, the affectionate reverence with which I look upon such saintliness, for what is this but the perfection of heroism, which is sanctity—self-denial unto death. As we look over the long roll of our dead, not of this church only, or of this military company, but of the five thousand who within the four months last past have laid down their lives, we cannot resist the conviction that there is among them many a heroic martyr, true as any in the noble army. And no doubt the happy vision of peace has come to many a soul to whom a human judgment would not award it. Their number is larger than we think. There are few things the love of God will not pardon in a man who dies for men. The Church has always recognized and honored the baptism of blood, even when there was no other baptism. Especially has it always been her custom to commemorate her dead in connection with eucharistic worship. It is there she keeps in mind the great body of the faithful departed; there keeps fresh in our minds and hearts the Christian teaching of the communion of saints. You, my brethren, are bold enough to use the word, dare also to believe it, and to act upon that faith. Dare to take those dear names upon your heart, and offer them in intercession to your God, who is also their God. Who knows and who can say whether your own salvation may not come to be the result of a reciprocated intercession? Our blessed Lord himself prayed even for the unborn, for such as had no existence out of His own heart. "Neither pray I for those alone, but for all them also who shall believe on Me through their word." "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and light perpetual shine upon them!"

### *OHIO.*

CLEVELAND—*St. Paul's Church.*—There having been a surplus of funds contributed two years ago for the Brooks memorial window, the vestry, with some additional funds, amounting in all to $260, are placing in the wall on the east side of the chancel a brass memorial in further commemoration of the same lamented rector. It was made by Cox, of London, and bears the following inscriptions:

ACTS XX. 24. ACTS XX. 33.

*And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.*

IN MEMORY OF THE
REV. FREDERICK BROOKS;

BORN AUGUST 5TH, 1842; ORDAINED JUNE 12TH, 1866; BECAME RECTOR OF THIS CHURCH NOVEMBER, 1867; DIED SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1874.

"LOVING-THE-SOULS-OF-ALL-MEN,-HE-PREACHED WITH-POWER-THE-GOSPEL-OF-JESUS-CHRIST. THOROUGHLY-FURNISHED-UNTO-ALL-GOOD-WORKS,-HE WAS-NEVER-WEARY-IN-WELL-DOING,-BUT-WAS EVER-SERVING-THE-LORD-WITH-ALL-HUMILITY-OF MIND."

—*Standard of the Cross.*

### *MICHIGAN.*

NOTICE FROM THE REGISTRAR.—Will the clergy of the Eastern Diocese of Michigan, who have promised Bishop Gillespie to send their confirmation lists to the registrar, please do so without delay, as he has now procured a suitable book, according to canon, in which he records the names of all the confirmed.

WM. CHARLES, Registrar.

### *FOND DU LAC.*

FOND DU LAC.—In the cathedral, on the Fourth Sunday in Advent, Mr. Newell D. Stanley was ordained deacon by the bishop of the diocese, the Rev. Dr. F. S. Jewell delivering the sermon and presenting the candidate. The Bishop of Wisconsin was also present, and celebrated the Holy Communion.

In the evening the Bishop of Wisconsin gave a very interesting account of the Lambeth Conference. In it he described Canterbury cathedral, and gave some interesting facts in connection with that ancient church edifice and old St. Martin's.

Christmas was kept joyously at the cathedral. The early morning, noon, and evening services were attended by large congregations, and a beautiful alms-basin of brass, the gift of the Sunday-school and some of the members of the congregation, was used for the first time.

The cathedral system has taken root in Fond du Lac, and is quietly and strongly influencing the diocese.

### *IOWA.*

OGDEN—*The Late Rev. Mr. Williams.*—The Rev. Ebenezer Williams, whose death as already announced, occurred at this place on Sunday, December 8th, 1878, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, was born at Aberystwyth, South Wales. He was admitted to the diaconate by Bishop Benjamin T. Onderdonk, in July, 1838, at Sing Sing, N. Y., and advanced to the priesthood by the same bishop, in September, 1839. His ministry was very active and useful until within the last few years, when the infirmities of age prevented him from doing constant work. Mr. Williams moved to Ogden in 1869, and during his ministry was instrumental in building up the Church at Cold Spring, N. Y., and Racine, Montfort, and Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

### *COLORADO AND WYOMING.*

THE SHOSHONE INDIANS.—The bishop of this jurisdiction sends the following correspondence:

*To the Editor of* THE CHURCHMAN:

Will you be so kind as to publish in THE CHURCHMAN the interesting letter herewith enclosed, concerning the Shoshone Indians who were placed some years since under the care of our Church. The letter contains a good deal of valuable information, and should excite new interest in the educational and Christian work which we are trying to carry on among these people. Mr. Patten's views are worthy of the most serious consideration of the friends of Indian work. Very truly yours,

JOHN F. SPALDING.

*Bishop's House, Denver, Col., Dec. 27th,* 1878.

SHOSHONE AND BANNOCK AGENCY,
WYOMING TERRITORY,
December 18th, 1878.

*Rt. Rev. J. F. Spalding:*

REVEREND AND DEAR FRIEND: As I am very anxious that work should begin on school buildings for the Indians under my charge, I most earnestly invite the attention of our friends to the enclosed statement relative to the needs of this agency. In the north-western part of Wyoming, about 150 miles from Green River City, is situated the Shoshone and Bannock Indian reservation, the home of the eastern band of Shoshones and northern band of Arapahoes.

These Indian bands number respectively 1,250 and 938 souls. Their reservation contains 1,500,000 acres, of which about 62,000 are timbered, and 35,000 acres are arable land. It includes the whole of the Wind River valleys, forming altogether the fairest country to look upon in the Rocky Mountains. Its lakes, rivers, and small fresh-water streams are filled with the finest trout. Game of all kinds is plentiful. The soil is warm and fertile, producing with little care enormous crops. The seasons are rather short, yet the earliest varieties of corn ripen. The hot medicinal springs, famous for their curative properties, are on the Little Wind River, two miles east of Camp Brown.

In the upper part of this valley, close under the mountains, is situated the Shoshone and Bannock Indian Agency, for the above-named tribes, and consists of an agent's residence, office, seven

dwellings for employés, blacksmith shop, flouring mill, shingle machine, and steam saw-mill, also a small mission building. There are also two large fields fenced in, which have been broken by the government, and farmed by the Shoshones, of about two hundred acres of land. Just back of the agency is another field of fifty acres, designed for a manual labor farm for the Indian youth. Pains have been taken to secure a variety of articles necessary for use in a boarding-school—such as cooking-ranges, heating-stoves, tinware and table cutlery, crockery, bedclothing, sewing-machines, etc., of which we have a sufficient amount for quite a respectable-sized school. There are belonging to the agency over five hundred Indian children of school-going age. There is at present but one plain, uncomfortable log school-house, in which there is conducted a day-school under the charge of Mr. Joseph W. Coombs, of Camden, Maine.

We have two schools at the agency this winter; the latter, for the Arapahoes, is conducted by Mr. E. Ballou. The schools are both small, that for the latter being held in the agent's office, no school building having yet been erected for them. One will be commenced in the spring.

It is impossible to do very much in the way of teaching Indians unless the conveniencies are furnished us. The children are here, ready to be induced to attend school. We already have teachers appointed, whose salaries are in part provided for by the government; and, as before stated, many things have been supplied in the way of furniture, which we could use for the purpose of furnishing a school-room for a boarding school, provided we had one. This is now our greatest need—a proper school building.

It may seem a little strange to some that all of these things should have been purchased first, before securing a house to put them in. But the writer earnestly believed that if he managed to get those necessary articles, God would move the hearts of His people, those who were endowed with an abundance of this world's wealth, to give a portion of that abundance for the purpose of erecting, at this agency, a building for the education of the benighted savages under our charge. The benefit to the Indians of such a school has been so often brought to the notice of our Church people that it seems quite unnecessary to say more upon the subject at this time. But the Church people should know, and especially the friends of Indian work, that the education of these people—the Shoshones and Arapahoes—is very much retarded for the want of proper educational facilities. It is the policy of the Interior Department to give industrial education the widest operation possible; yet, for the want of sufficient means, its action in this respect must be restricted, except to a limited extent, to such agencies as already possess facilities in the way of buildings, and treaty funds suitable and applicable to the purpose.

The Shoshones have neither a suitable building, nor treaty-funds for the erection of a building, for boarding-school purposes; no large measure of success can be attained by day-schools for the Indians. It is most desirable that a boarding school be established here without delay, and the first thing requisite is to have a suitable place where the children can be taken, separate from the Indian village, and given the comforts of a good Christian home, and taught in everything that pertains to their future welfare.

A few thousand dollars expended in this direction now would be a rich investment for the donor, when, in a few years, he should see the vast amount of good which had been done thereby. This is the seventh year in which the writer has labored to accomplish this object. Please endeavor to forward this matter, for I know you approve of the effort.

Very truly yours,

JAMES I. PATTEN,
*U. S. Indian Agent.*

### *CALIFORNIA.*

SAN FRANCISCO—*Grace Church.*—On the evening of Sunday, December 15th, 1878, the Rev. William H. Platt, rector, delivered in the church a discourse upon the public-school system. Mr. Platt claimed, first, that the school taxes corrupt, and always will corrupt, the system of public education, and, secondly, that the States and the cities should remedy the evil by supporting only primary schools, as higher education should be provided by private enterprise and not public taxation, and so reduce the school funds.

## NOTICES.

Marriage notices, one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Thirty Cents a Line*, nonpareil (or *Three Cents a Word*), prepaid.

### *MARRIED.*

At Zion church, December 30th, 1878, by the Rev. J. M. Gallagher, D.D., assisted by the Rev. William Staunton, D.D., Dr. WILSON PETERSON, to EMMELINE F., daughter of the late Carlos Coob, all of this city.

### *DIED.*

Entered into rest, December 20th, 1878, in Georgetown, D. C., Miss MILLICENT A. B. MAGRUDER.

In Baltimore, on Sunday, December 29th, BERTHA GRAY, second daughter of the Rev. Edward P. Gray, aged 12 years, 1 month, and 29 days.

Suddenly, on Holy Innocents' day, at All Saints' rectory, Toresdale, the Rev. F. W. BEASLEY, D.D., in the 71st year of his age, and for forty-four years rector of All Saints' church, Torresdale, Phila.

Entered into rest, on December 26th, 1878, at Troy, N. Y., in the 35th year of her age, VICTORIA A., wife of John A. Macdonald, and daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth McMillan.

Entered into rest, from Grace church, Oakfield, Diocese of Foud du Lac, October 14th, after a lingering illness borne with unexampled patience, Mrs SARAH CHARITY BEEDE, daughter of Lucius Russell, Esq., aged 40 years. "Requiescat in pace!"

Gathered to rest from Hernando, Miss., December 28th, 1878, EDNA BLANCHE MAUDE WESSON, aged 2 years and 3 months

At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. J. B. Luce, in Fort Smith, Ark., on Wednesday morning, December 18th, 1878, in the 68th year of her age, ELIZABETH E. FORESTER, widow of the late John B. Forester, and daughter of the late John Hall, of Lebanon, Tennessee.

Entered into life everlasting, Tuesday, December 24th, 1878 at Fort Smith, Ark., after four days of intense suffering from plura pneumonia, FORESTER LUCE eldest son of J. B. and C. P. Luce, in the 26th year of his age.

In Philadelphia, of peritonitis, December 24th, the Rev. HUGH ROY SCOTT, rector of Grace church, Allentown, Pa. "In the confidence of a certain faith"; leaving a widow and two children to mourn their irreparable loss. Born in Amherst, Va., January 3d, 1823; died Christmas Eve, 1878.

At Binghamton, N. Y., on Friday, December 27th, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, aged 15 years and 3 months, SARAH ELIZABETH, only child of Elizabeth Bury and the late Rev. David D. Gregory.

### RESOLUTIONS.

Extract from the minutes of the Vestry of All Saints' Church, Lower Dublin, Penn., December 30th, 1878.

WHEREAS it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take sudd nly from his work on earth our beloved Pastor, the Rev. FREDERICK W. BEASLEY, D.D., who has so faithfully ministered to us in holy things for more than forty-four years—a ministry eminently marked by fidelity to his Master and untiring interest in those committed to his charge,—this Vestry would thank Almighty God for the good example of this saint, who having finished his course in faith doth now rest from his labors, and desires to place upon its minutes the following tribute of its esteem and love, and to record the deep sense of its loss.

With profound knowledge both of theology and of general literature, ancient and modern, Dr. Beasley was as modest in displaying it as he was in his intercourse with those about him. He loved the Apostolic Church to whose ministry he had been called, and was ever steadfast in her defence and in the honest teaching of her Scriptural creed. He loved the congregation over which he had been placed, and in the midst of which he had lived so long, with the affection of a father for his children. His heart was in his work. He was an honest and prudent adviser, a firm and tender friend, a faithful and zealous teacher of Christ crucified for us—a doctrine dear to his heart—a true disciple of our Lord and Master, at whose feet he loved to sit, firm in maintaining the truth, yet gentle as a child in all his intercourse with men. His heart seemed to be without guile, to think no evil.

He was a consistent Christian gentleman in the highest sense, considerate of the feelings of others, because the love of God was shed abroad in his heart, and preaching the Gospel of Christ in his daily walk and life even more than in the pulpit, His death was sudden. In a few moments from apparent perfect health God took him, and he fell asleep in Jesus.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

*Resolved* that in extending our warmest sympathy to his bereaved family in their loss, we claim the privilege of mingling our grief with theirs in the common sorrow we all feel that he can no longer be with us to guide us on our way and to comfort us in our troubles.

*Resolved*, that a copy of these minutes to be sent to the family and that they be published.

CHARLES R. KING, Warden.

### OBITUARY.

Entered into rest, at Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday, December 21st, HANNAH JOY, wife of the late George B. Webster, in the 62d year of her age.

Mrs. Webster was a devout Christian woman, and identified throughout all her married life and widowhood with St. Paul's church, in which her husband served efficiently as warden for many years. She was a woman of many adornments of mind and excellences of character; extensively read in religious subjects, and most happy when administering comfort to the needy. Graced with a cultivated understanding and great benevolence of heart, she was doubly furnished to dispense counsel and cheer to the children of sorrow, in which offices her memory will long be green and fragrant. "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him."

### OBITUARY.

The decease of the oldest presbyter of the Diocese of Massachusetts, the Rev. WILLIAM PUTNAM PAGE, who departed this life at Longwood, near Boston, on the 23d of October last, in the 90th year of his age, ought not to be passed without some notice in the Church newspapers, of one so venerable for years, so upright and irreproachable, so much respected and beloved.

Mr. Page was born in Salem, and was a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1809. He was at first devoted to the study of the law, and after some years of secular pursuits, was admitted to Holy Orders, at the age of 33, by Bishop Griswold of the then Eastern Diocese. He exercised the functions of the ministry at Geneseo, N. Y., and afterwards at Goshen, N. Y., remaining five or six years at each of those places, and was between eleven and twelve years rector of St. Peter's church, Amboridge, Mass. He retired from this his last parochial charge about fifteen years ago, at the age of 75. Possessed of a good constitution and regular habits, he retained health and strength unimpaired almost to the end of his long life; whilst he combined qualities of mind and heart which made him valued and endeared as the head of a family, as a parish priest, as a wise and good man. His sound practical judgment rendered him always useful as an adviser, whether in temporal or in spiritual matters. At one period he was actively engaged in promoting an important educational measure for the State of New York, the establishment of school libraries; and in one of his intervals of release from parochial labor he was employed by the publishing house of the Harpers in the responsible position of a revising editor. His capacity for business, and untiring application, in connection with his reliable and sterling character, would have gained him honor in any sphere. One accustomed to judge of men, a layman conversant with wide circles, has borne this honorable testimony of him, in an obituary written for one of the secular papers, that he was a devout man, industrious, genial, friendly, and just; that he was liberal to a fault, and more thoughtful to lay up treasures in heaven than for the riches of this world. Of quick and tender feelings, he was yet singularly calm and deliberate in speech and manner, considerate towards others, and a most devoted father to his family. His beloved wife had died before him, and his last years were soothed by the assiduous attentions of his three daughters, their only remaining children, who fondly cherish his memory. He is also remembered by his former parishioners, by the older clergy, and by all who knew him in private life, with affection and respect.

### IMPOSTOR.

Some man calling himself the Rev. John A. Thompson of Kent Island, Md., is travelling through some of the northern dioceses collecting funds as a minister of the Episcopal Church. This man is an impostor. The Rev. John A. Thompson is a clergyman who rarely leaves home, and has not been absent from this island since September. Let those who know of this man's movements take measures to prevent him from imposing upon the charities of the Church.

P. D. THOMPSON,
Rector of Christ church, Kent Island, Md.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I desire to return thanks to a lady in Hartford, Conn., who sent me $5 for her husband, and a letter full of love in which she said, "though you have written to THE CHURCHMAN that you require no more aid, yet please accept this, it may help to gladden some poor heart." JAMES A. MATTHEWS.

*Winona, Miss., Dec. 9th, 1878.*

### DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Bedell, Bishop of Ohio, has kindly consented to preach in the interest of Foreign Missions on Sunday evening next (first after Epiphany) in the church of the Incarnation, Madison avenue and 35th street, at half-past seven o'clock. It is hoped that there will be a full representation of the city parishes.

JOSHUA KIMBER, Secretary.

A stated meeting of the Board of Managers of "The Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New York," will be held in the Sunday-school room of Trinity chapel, Twenty-fifth street, on Tuesday evening next, the 14th inst., at eight o'clock. D. B. WHITLOCK, Rec. Sec.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY aids Young Men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you." Rev. ROBERT C. MATLACK.
1224 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

### THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY

needs immediate contributions to enable it to fulfil its obligations to students in school and college.

We need $2,000 in the month of December. Will not the faithful friends of the Society, and those "whom God hath blessed" with abundance, give liberally to this important work?

Remittances and applications may be addressed to the Rev. H. W. SPALDING, Corresponding Sec'y,
or the Rev. F. D. HARRIMAN,
179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn

## ART DEPARTMENT.

### *WHISTLER VS. RUSKIN.*

BY C. A. B.

The cloud which has been threatening the comfort of John Ruskin for the past year and more has at length burst, and the storm is now over, hardly to the satisfaction of all concerned; but, as might be expected, the cloud has exhausted its energies in effecting nothing. For at least eighteen months Mr. James Abbot McNeil Whistler has been giving it forth that he would bring an action for libel against the greatest of living art critics—against a man who has passed already nearly the number of years allotted to man, not only in the study of art, but also in doing good to his fellow-men, ruthlessly stamping upon evil and all its abortions, and at the same time as readily acknowledging whatever of good or the beautiful he may chance to find during his labors. To every one who is attached to art both in Europe and America the works of Mr. Ruskin are well known, and there are many to whom his name is as a household word. It would be impossible for any one of smaller mind than Mr. Ruskin to do justice to his opinions; moreover, space and time prevent even an attempt being made, but it will be sufficient to say that Mr. Ruskin is entirely opposed to anything, whatever it may be, that is sent forth into the great world in an unfinished or crude state. The work must be done carefully, completely, truthfully, with the whole heart and energies thrown into it; and it seems to be because Mr. Whistler has altogether lost sight of this in his productions that the greatest master of art criticism was so indignant with the pictures in the Grosvenor Gallery which were fantastically designated as harmonies, symphonies, arrangements, and nocturnes—cognomens which are hardly compatible with the ideas of the beautiful entertained by the author of the "Stones of Venice."

Mr. Whistler was educated at West Point, though, it is reported, without completing the course; and has been a resident in London for many years, occupying an isolated position, attaching himself to no school of painters. A pupil of Glaird, of Paris, he studied in company with Armstrong and DuMaurier; with this latter gentleman's work everybody who is familiar with *Punch's* cartoons and sketches is acquainted. Mr. Whistler had acquired celebrity from his etchings—collections may be seen at the British Museum and at Windsor—before the public were startled into amazement by the nocturnes, harmonies, etc., not the least extraordinary part of which is the rapidity with which they are "knocked off." Mr. Whistler acknowledged in court that he allowed but two days for the painting of a "nocturne in black and gold"—one day to do the work, and another to finish it; and though he "would grieve to see his pictures mellowed," yet he hung them in the open air to dry well as he got on with the work; yet for this labor the price was 200 guineas. Mr. Whistler's portrait of Carlyle may be mentioned as being well known and described as excellent as a picture and as a portrait by Mr. Moore. In answer to Mr. Sergeant Parry, Mr. Whistler said that he could not describe the beauties of a "nocturne in black and gold" to him, to an "unsympathetic ear," and that, though the nocturne was described as "fireworks at Cremorne Gardens," it must not be understood as a "portrait of a particular place, but as an artistic impression which had been carried away"; and over the execution of this he took one day and part of another—price 200 guineas. Mr. Rosetti appeared as an admirer, and on behalf of Mr. Whistler, but he declined to acknowledge the picture last spoken of either as a "gem," an "exquisite," or a "very beautiful" painting; but he cheerfully owned to its being "eccentric" and a "work of art." Mr. Albert Moore, of whom mention has already been made, and who is one of a family of seven brothers, who are all artists, spoke more enthusiastically of Mr. Whistler's work, styling it as "marvellous" and "most beautiful." In explanation it must be told that Prof. Ruskin has been editing a monthly pamphlet called *Fors Clavigera*, from which the so-called libellous sentences are extracted and given; and also that the Grosvenor Gallery was erected by Sir Coutts Lindsay for the exhibition of pictures by invitation only from Sir Coutts. The sentence runs as follows: "For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

Mr. Edward Burne Jones, who appeared as a witness in support of Mr. Ruskin, after stating the number of years he had devoted to art, and also mentioning the paintings by which he was best known, declared that in his opinion a picture ought not to fall short of what had been for ages considered complete finish. He considered the "nocturne in blue and silver" a work of art but incomplete, an admirable beginning only; another nocturne, a scene on Battersea bridge, he described as good in color but bewildering in form, without composition, detail, or finish; and said that Mr. Whistler's picture was only one more of the thousand failures of artists in their efforts to paint night, and that it was not worth two hundred guineas. Mr. Frith was next called. He said that he did not consider Mr. Whistler's works as works of art, though his sense of color was good. He agreed with Mr. Jones, they lacked composition and detail, and were not worth two hundred guineas. Mr. Tom Taylor, the art critic of the *Times*, was the last gentleman called to support by his evidence Prof. Ruskin's view of this question. Mr. Taylor gave it as his opinion that all Mr. Whistler's works were incomplete and sketchy, and that they were but "one step nearer to pictures than a delicately tinted wall-paper."

Mr. Ruskin's counsel then addressed the jury, explaining how they were to look at the case; not whether the pictures of Mr. Whistler were worth two hundred guineas or were extravagances, but whether the comments quoted were the expressions of a fair and honest critic. A critic was not bound to speak with bated breath, and all who devoted themselves to art and literature must expect the severest and keenest criticism; that comments should be free in the interest of art provided they were honest, and thus he hoped that it would be long before the decision of an English jury would forge one link in a chain to check free criticism. The judge then rose to make his address to the jury, of which the following is a brief summary: That it was the duty of the jury to settle the question at issue. The plaintiff had charged the defendant with a libel, and if a man committed to paper that which was disparaging to another, and which was calculated to hold him up to ridicule and contempt, this was libel. Generally a libel must be proved to be malicious, but the law inferred this if the statement were proved to be untrue and libellous. It had always been said by learned judges that it was of the utmost importance that a large and wide power should be given to a critic to express the views he had honestly formed, and for this purpose there was no reason why he should not use ridicule as a fair weapon. Authorities were not wanting to that effect, and he referred the jury to greater authorities than himself. Lord Ellenborough had said ridicule was the fittest weapon that could be employed to explain the judgment of the critic. Lord Ellenborough had also said that a critic did great service when he wrote down a vapid book or a useless work. He checked the dissemination of abuses and prevented people wasting their time on trash. The question in the case was whether Prof. Ruskin's criticism was fair and *bonâ fide*. If, however, a critic honestly felt he was dealing with a charlatan and an impostor, he had a right to make use of strong expressions about the work of a man, but not his character. That it was admitted that Prof. Ruskin was a distinguished critic, but that he appeared to be a man who did not measure carefully the words he used respecting the subjects he dealt with—not with bated breath. Mr. Whistler had certain views with reference to art, and those of Prof. Ruskin were the extreme opposite. It was for them to judge if the criticism were fair and in good faith. Prof. Ruskin undoubtedly called a spade a spade, and something more, indeed; but if he himself honestly believed it he would be inclined to give full license to it.

The jury, after being absent an hour and twenty minutes, had agreed that the defendant spoke his honest opinion, but that there was some difficulty as to whether the word "imposture" referred to the artist or not. They were sent back to decide among themselves, and after an absence of ten minutes returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at one farthing. The judge, from the view taken by the jury, declined to allow the costs of the action.

Mr. Whistler had rated his damages at £2,000, for he said that he had been quite unable to get the same sums for his "arrangements" as he had been in the habit of receiving before July, 1877, when the criticism appeared; nor had he sold so many. The only interpretation that can be made of the verdict seems to be that they were of the opinion that for the words "wilful imposture" and "coxcomb" others could have been substituted to advantage; indeed the criticism could have easily been more scathing without them, but then it would have suffered in length, and would have lost the charm of brevity. (It is not to be supposed that these ideas were amongst the thoughts of Prof. Ruskin.) The jury for this reason gave a verdict for the plaintiff, who was ordered to pay his own costs because, as was freely expressed, the case ought never to have been brought into court, because the criticism was honest and fair, and because the value of the "arrangements" had suffered no apparent diminution from this cause at least. It may not be generally known, and for the sake of informing those who are in ignorance of the fact, Prof. Ruskin inherited a princely fortune, which he has entirely devoted to works of charity, as he has also done with the proceeds arising from the publication of his books, setting aside only such a sum yearly as will, by means of strict economy, just satisfy his truly modest requirements. Knowing this, his friends and admirers in general, and the Fine Art Society of New Bond street, London, in particular, have opened a subscription list, accepting sums from half a crown and upwards, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the trial, which amount to several hundreds of pounds. They are unwilling that one so attached to philanthropic actions should be made to bear alone the brunt of the affair for the sake of art and the principle involved in the action. Prof. Ruskin was unable to appear in court owing to his late serious illness, which has left him quite prostrate. This and the annoyance and worry of the trial will no doubt tend to make this new proof of the ardent affection with which he is regarded by his admirers the more grateful to him, especially seeing that it is a certain pledge that they at least think that he spoke "not wisely, but too well."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

### *PURITANS AND CHRISTMAS.*

*To the Editor of* THE CHURCHMAN:

While reading just now in THE CHURCHMAN your account of Mr. McKenzie's tribute in Boston to the Puritans and Congregationalists for "rescuing and restoring Christmas," I was reminded that within my own recollection, and not far from forty years ago, a Congregational minister, who was by all odds the ablest preacher of his denomination in Boston (my impression is that his son was a classmate of Mr. McKenzie in Harvard College), delivered a discourse in which the growing tendency to observe Christmas was pointed out as one of the alarming signs of religious degeneracy—another being the increase of elaborate church architecture. The sermon was thought to be true and important enough to be printed. I believe one Church clergyman read it, or parts of it, as a curiosity to his people. It may perhaps be worth noticing, as showing the swiftness of the "degeneracy," that this Congregational minister's society some time ago built the then costliest Prot-

estant sanctuary in New England, with Gothic arches ; and as to the keeping of Christmass, there seems to be scarcely a place of Congregational worship in the country where the festival is not respectfully marked.

One of these days we shall hear of the Quakers as claiming to have introduced into the United States the sacrament of baptism.

*Syracuse, January 4th*, 1879. H.

## "MUNERARI" AND "NUMERARI."

*To the Editor of* THE CHURCHMAN:

The very interesting communication from Mr. Throop, the well-known chief of our New York Code Commission, entitled "An Erroneous Reading in the Te Deum," suggests a brief memorandum in reference to the subject which has engaged Mr. Throop's attention.

In the first place, the suggestion of error in the reading of the 21st verse of this wonderful hymn is by no means a new thing. It has, from other writers than those who many years since ventilated the subject in *The Church Journal*, as mentioned by Mr. Throop, received no inconsiderable attention, and the whole subject has been fully discussed by that indefatigable author and commentator, the Rev. John Henry Blunt, in his "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," at page 13, note 3.

Mr. Blunt there gives, side by side with the English translation, the Latin version, "Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis: gloria munerari," adding in the margin the words, "modern reading; '*in gloria numerari*,'" and in the learned note he says: "All Latin MSS. previously to 1492 read 'Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis gloria *munerari*,' and the equivalent of *munerari* is found in every known version of the *Te Deum* up to that time: our own in the fourteenth century being 'Make hem to be rewarded with thi seyntes, in endles blisse.'"

It would thus appear that Mr. Throop and Mr. Blunt, as paleographists, fully agree in the views they take of the error itself and also of its cause, Mr. Blunt saying in his note—"The 'numerari' reading appears to be an error of the early printers, arising out of the very slight difference presented by *mun* and *num* in black letter." But Mr. Blunt suggests that, for the sake of preserving the Prayer Book rhythm *and* the sense of the original, *munerari*, the reading may well be rendered —"Make them to be *awarded* with Thy saints: Thy glory everlasting," because the word *munerari* implies *free gift* as the word *re-munerari*, which is *not* used, implies *reward*.

In regard to this rendering of the word as a supplication for reward, the Rev. John Shepherd, in his "Elucidation of the Service of the Church of England," while accepting the *numerari*, clearly accepts the sense of *reward*, for he says, in commenting on this 21st verse of the hymn, "We beseech Him . . . finally, by His infinite mercy, to admit them to be numbered with those departed saints whom He has already received into His rest and *will reward with His glory*," while Mr. Blunt also suggests that "to be numbered with the children of God" is to receive the "great recompense of reward."

A word more, although I had no thought of writing so much at length, much as I would wish to say more on the subject.

In a very rare book, which I have lately been reading with very great curiosity and interest, entitled "Daemonastix, seu adversus Daemones et malificos, universi operis ad usum praesertim Exorcistarum Concinnati," being the third volume of "Malleus Maleficarum, maleficas et earum haeresim frameâ conterens," by Jacob Sprenger (who wrote the "Malleus" in 1519) and others, I found an essay entitled "Flagellum Daemonum (auctore, R. P. F. Hieronym Mengo Vitellianensi)," printed in 1669, and dedicated to the celebrated Nitard, the chief of the Spanish Inquisition, in which are laid down seven forms, very elaborate, for exorcising demons. Under "Exorcismus VII.," after various rubrics, prayers, and directions for holy water aspersions, there follows the rubric, "*Cum liberatus fuerit obsessus, dic, Te Deum laudamus*," etc., and herein the 21st verse again reads, "*Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis gloria munerari.*"

Thus we see that not only *previously* to 1492, but down to the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Latin versions, at least of the Romish Church, have "*munerari.*" To my mind there can be little doubt of this being the correct reading, but the "*numerari*" will not be changed, I suppose, on the same grounds by which the word "at," in place of "out," is retained in the King James Bible (St. Matt. xxiii. 24), although a well recognized error of the printer.

Now will some of our scholars answer a question which has puzzled me, viz.: By what principle of construction, except it be that of "poetic license," is the 19th verse of the same noble hymn rendered as in our Prayer Book and in the English service, when in the *Te Deum* just cited, of 1669, and in the Latin versions recognized as correct in the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," the verse reads, "*Judex crederis esse venturus*"?

GEORGE E. SIBLEY.

*Elizabeth, N. J.*

## MODEL TENEMENT-HOUSES.

*To the Editor of* THE CHURCHMAN:

In your issue of this week you allude to the offer of a prize of $500 for the best plan of a tenement-house, and remark that if perhaps there is no sufficiently large space in the city to allow an architect to do the subject justice, there is room in the suburbs for the erection of such buildings.

Permit me to correct a wrong impression into which you have fallen. This prize has been offered by the *Plumber and Sanitary Engineer*, a monthly journal of this city, for the express purpose of finding out whether a really wholesome tenement may not be erected in New York city on our 25 by 100 feet lots.

Plans of model dwellings for the poor, covering an indefinite space, are plenty enough, but it remains to be seen whether some of our architects cannot solve this problem; and the result of this competition will be awaited with interest by all who hope to ameliorate the condition of our laboring classes.

One of the committee to decide on the merits of the various plans is the Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D. The entries will close next month, and the decision will be made shortly after.

A. C. ZABRISKIE.

12 *East 30th St., January 3d*, 1879.

## THE READING OF MISSIONARY APPEALS.

*To the Editor of* THE CHURCHMAN:

May I make a brief suggestion regarding the missionary appeals issued by the Board of Managers? So far as my observation goes, the appeals are not read promptly on reception, if at all, by rectors to their congregations. Would it not be well for all rectors to read them to their people, during Divine service, as soon as they are received? The suggestion may not be so generally needed as is supposed; but if there be one rector not in the habit of reading these appeals, this hint may not be amiss.

F. B. CHETWOOD.

## THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

*To the Editor of* THE CHURCHMAN:

The Church Almanac for 1879 gives to Dr. Bond—lately elected Bishop of Montreal—the title of Metropolitan. This a mistake. The Bishop of Montreal is no longer *ex officio* the Metropolitan of Canada. It was formerly the rule for the Diocese of Montreal to elect its bishop from a list of nominations sent down by the House of Bishops, and under that rule the bishop so elected was the metropolitan. But the Synod of Montreal were not satisfied to leave the nomination with the House of Bishops, nor was the Province of Canada prepared to leave the election of metropolitan in the hands of the Diocese of Montreal. It is now arranged, therefore, that Montreal shall nominate and elect its own bishop, while the metropolitan shall be chosen by the House of Bishops in provincial synod from among their own number.

GEORGE J. MAGILL.

*Newport, December 31st*, 1878.

## AN INQUIRY ANSWERED.

*To the Editor of* THE CHURCHMAN:

The Rev. Charles H. Mead, Laurel, Del., is informed, in answer to his query in last week's CHURCHMAN, that Wesley's sermon "On Constant Communion" is published by D. M. Dewey, Rochester, N. Y.

GEORGE G. HEPBURN.

*Eatontown, N. J.*

## NEW BOOKS.

THE PRAYER-MEETING AND ITS IMPROVEMENT. By the Rev. Lewis O. Thompson, Pastor Second Presbyterian Church, Peoria, Ill With an Introduction by the Rev. A. E. Kittredge, D.D. Second Edition. [Chicago: W. G. Holmes.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 259. Price $1.25.

The author has furnished an abundance of advice as to the best and most successful methods of conducting prayer-meetings. We do not feel called upon to judge the wisdom of the several plans suggested, nor would we venture to question the soundness of any of his practical hints. We can, however, we think, rightly dispute the truth of an assertion made by the writer of the introduction, in which he claims that "no other service can be compared with" that of the prayer-meeting "in importance." It is strange that any reader of the New Testament, especially one who takes the Bible as his only rule of faith and practice, should have forgotten that the only service which Christ appointed, and therefore the most important of all, is that whereby we show forth His death—the Holy Communion.

The author himself also seems to have forgotten the nature of worship when he says "the Sabbath is the day for the ministration of the pastor," but "the prayer-meeting is the people's meeting." We supposed that worship, on whatever day it might be offered, was designed to be the act and offering of the whole body. Still more strange to us is the idea that on the Sabbath the only ministration required is that of the pastor.

But the author apparently accepts this as a disagreeable fact, and while regretting it, sees no remedy for it except by supplementing for wrong kind of worship offered on the Lord's day, the true and better kind which may be given on some week-day. "There is," he says, "so little place given in our churches on Sunday for the participation of the people in the services; and hence so many have come to regard the day as an entertainment in eloquence and music. If these are wanting, if they cannot hear a fine sermon from one end of the church, to be soothed by sweet music from the other, they will not go to church."

And so the people need a prayer-meeting in order that they may realize that they have a part in worship. But why thrust this truer method into the background? Why not use it on the Lord's own day instead of allowing that day to be regarded as one of entertainment.

One thing more it may be well enough to notice. The author suggests that those who have the management of prayer-meetings should follow the course of the natural year, and select for the topic in spring-time the parable of the sower, and in summer "the lesson of flowers," and in autumn "fading

leaves," and so on. It strikes us that if it is desirable to map out thus a regular course of instruction and a connected series of topics, a very good one may be found in what is known as the Christian year.

AMERICAN COLLEGES: Their Students and Their Work. By Charles F. Thwing. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 159.

The purpose of the author was, we may presume, to give information concerning collegiate instruction in this country. It represents the several institutions comparatively. The facts are based partly upon statements put forth in catalogues, and partly, we should judge, upon popular impressions, and not to any great extent upon personal knowledge. Portions of the volume have already appeared in the shape of magazine articles, and all of it partakes of the newspaper style of writing. The book is useful in a certain way. It enables one to study the information furnished by catalogues in its systematized and classified form, and thus to get a comparative view of their relative condition. There is no discussion, or at least there is no adequate presentation, of the great questions underlying the surface of college life—no setting forth of principles, and therefore no grasp of the real subject.

GATES INTO THE PSALM COUNTRY. By Marion R. Vincent, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Covenant, New York. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 315. Price $1.50.

Under this somewhat inadequate and misleading title, the author has given to the public a very excellent book. It is made up of the substance of lectures and sermons originally delivered to his own people. Some of them embrace entire Psalms, and others deal with only a single verse. As meditations upon that portion of Scripture, designed for popular rather than critical reading, they are delightful. The thought is warm and earnest, and, like the Psalms themselves, these studies suggested by them deal with the common experiences of life. The author has entered quite fully into the very spirit of those songs of David, so that his words adapt themselves to the needs and longings of the human heart.

THE WISDOM OF JESUS THE SON OF SIRACH, OR ECCLESIASTICUS. [Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878]. 18mo, cloth, pp. 170. Price 50 cents.

SELECTIONS FROM THE APOCRYPHA. [Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.] 18mo, cloth, pp. 145. Price 50 cents.

Comparatively few persons, we imagine, know the beauty of the Apocrypha. Those who worship after our manner, and attend our saints' day services, hear a chapter read from it now and then; but to most persons it is perfectly unfamiliar. These selections are taken from the Books of Esdras, Tobit, Baruch, and Maccabees. The Book of Wisdom is printed complete. They make very attractive volumes, and, we need not say, they take their place very appropriately as parts of "the Wisdom Series."

SOCIALISM. By Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D. [New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1879.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 111. Price 75 cts.

This is not a large book, but there is a great deal in it. It is the result of wide reading, and of clear thinking. In short, we have seldom met with a work which handled any subject equally difficult with more skill or power. It contains four chapters, entitled respectively "Socialism in General," "Communistic Socialism," "Anti-Communistic Socialism," and "Christian Socialism." In the first the author examines the problem which socialism attempts to solve. Inequality is a permanent fact in political economy. Mankind differ in endowment. "But the greatest inequality is that which comes of immoralities."

Again, the materialistic spirit which controls our present civilization, the extraordinary advances made in manufacturing and commerce, are increasing the wealth of the nation, and at the same time making broader the chasm between its upper and lower classes.

The second chapter gives a brief outline of the traditions of communism. "It claims for itself the honors of age." Much account is made of the fact that common property in land was the original form of ownership. The agrarianism of the Mosaic legislation and the communism of the Apostolic Church are brought forward as arguments. But, the author replies, if this system was primitive, it was also infantile. He then calls attention to the practcal attempts which have been made in this direction, and the various forms which the communistic idea has taken.

The third chapter shows how socialism is spreading in all countries. It has survived communism, which fell with the French republic in 1871. It is "a vain attempt to realize the Christian morality without the Christian religion."

Under the head of "Christian Socialism," we are reminded that while Political Economy sees in capital and labor only the parties in a selfish struggle, Christianity proposes concord.

THE NEW TESTAMENT; Newly Translated and Critically Emphasized. With an Introduction and Occasional Notes. By Joseph B. Rotherham. Second Edition Revised. [London; Samuel Bagster & Sons. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1878.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 492. Price $3.

The special features of this translation are as follows: It is based almost wholly upon the text of Tregelles. The translator has attempted what he calls an exact literal rendering of the original. And he has indicated, by underscoring, what the emphatic words are. We wish we might speak approvingly of the result. The renderings are frequently surprisingly incorrect, and besides the literalness is in reality nonsense. Translation consists in turning the thoughts of one language into another, expressing in the established idioms of the latter whatsoever was expressed under the idioms of the former. But in these pages we find an unknown language—something which is no longer Greek and has not become English—a mongrel tongue which nobody ever spoke or wrote, and which, in case one did attempt to speak it, would furnish good reasons for believing him to be an idiot. Attempts like this are very apt to awaken prejudice against all kinds of revision.

In this second edition we are informed "the idiom has been cautiously softened here and there, where it could be done without material loss of exactness." We have never seen the first edition, but the same softening process might be continued to great advantage in this. The third feature, namely, that of marking the emphatic words in each sentence, might be very useful, provided it were wisely and accurately done. But the wisdom of no one man is equal to that duty; and that of Mr. Rotherham is manifestly unequal to it.

TOPICAL COURSE OF STUDY. For the Common Schools of the United States. By R. C. Stone. [New York, Chicago, and New Orleans: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1878]. 16mo, cloth, pp. 116. Price 50 cts.

The author furnishes a common framework for the whole educational system in the public schools of our country. We have an endless variety of text-books, but the subjects taught and the order of topics in each subject are nearly the same in all places. "There is a striking similarity in the main features of every one of our schools that has succeeded in establishing satisfactory gradation, that demonstrates the feasibility of a common system."

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One great advantage which this work can and no doubt will afford, lies in the fact that it will help each teacher who uses it into the way of doing without a text-book, that is, of instructing the young in subjects rather than in printed treatises about them. It will do much towards bringing the minds of pupils into direct communication with the things to be learned. And this, of itself, will be an immense gain. The subjects here presented in the form of topics are reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and the elements of natural science. We commend the work to the thoughtful attention of all teachers and those interested in education.

## *LITERATURE.*

A PAMPHLET of eighty-six pages, entitled "New York Illustrated," published by D. Appleton & Co., gives an excellent description, both written and pictorial, of the city. It will answer all the purposes of a guide-book, and will prove generally interesting.

RICHARD HAWLEY'S "Essay on Free Trade," one of a series of "Economic Monographs," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, ascribes the commercial depression of the country during the past few years largely to the protective tariff. The author quotes statistics and the opinions of public men in support of his theory. The essay is a thoughtful production and one well worth reading.

THE Christmas number of the *American Architect and Building News* contains lithographic views of the proposed deanery and refectory of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. The money necessary for erecting the former building is in hand, and funds for the latter are being collected. The same number of the *Architect* publishes also a lithograph of St. Paul's church, Harrisburg, Pa.

MR. THOS. WHITTAKER, of New York, has recently published a new edition of "Family Prayers for Every Day in the Week, with Occasional Prayers," by the Rev. Thomas Cotterill, A.M., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. The prayers, though somewhat long, and also continuous, are broken up into brief paragraphs. The diction is largely that of Scripture, and along with the spirit of supplication before God there runs that of recognition of Him and of His doings which, in its more aggravated form, might assume the style of an address. That evil has, however, been seldom reached in these prayers.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., of New York, have brought out a sermon delivered last summer at St. Albans, Vermont, by the rector of St. Luke's church, in which he states very forcibly his "Reasons for Believing the Advent of Our Lord Jesus Christ to be Pre-millennial." The argument is based on Scripture, the belief and testimony of the early Church, and the opinions of New Testament commentators. It is a strong presentation of that side of a most important question. Those who have not looked into the subject will probably be surprised to find how much evidence there is for the doctrine which the author, the Rev. T. W. Haskins, defends.

THE REV. DR. SAMUEL BENEDICT, rector of St Paul's church, Cincinnati, is the author of "Two Sermons on Eternal Judgment," recently printed in a single pamphlet by Robert Clarke & Co., of that city. They were delivered in St. Paul's church last October, and are published by request. The text is from Hebrews vi. 1, 2: ". . . The foundation . . . of eternal judgment." The author argues against the belief in a possible probation after death, and for the endlessness of punishment. He takes up the now famous word *αἰώνιος*, and from an examination of all the uses of it in the New Testament draws the conclusion that "while the glory of God shall last, while the life and inheritance of the saved shall continue, while the aeonian or eternal God shall reign, so long His judgments shall endure."

## *SCIENCE.*

A BELGIAN journal says a new process has been applied to the manufacture of artificial black walnut, by which ordinary wood has imparted to it the appearance of the most beautiful specimens of walnut, adapted to the finest cabinet work. The wood, first thoroughly dried and warmed, is coated once or twice with a liquid composed of one part by weight of extract of walnut peel, dissolved in six parts of soft water, by heating it to boiling, and stirring. The wood thus treated is, when half dry, brushed with a solution of one part by weight of bichromate of potash in five parts of boiling water, and, after drying thoroughly, is rubbed and polished. The color is thus said to be fixed in the wood to a depth of one or two lines, and, in the case of red beech or alder, for instance, the walnut appearance is most perfect.

A NEW theory, based chiefly on chemical considerations, is propounded by Prof. Mendelejeff regarding the formation of petroleum in the interior of the earth. From the fact that in Pennsylvania petroleum occurs in the Devonian and Silurian rocks, it appears to him highly improbable that the fluid hydrocarbon should be the result of the decomposition of organic remains, for but little organic life could have existed in those ages. His theory, starting with Laplace's hypothesis of the formation of our globe, assumes the existence of great masses of iron, and, along with it, of inorganic carbon, in the inner parts of the earth. The water which, from the more exterior regions, penetrates the molten metal, is decomposed; its oxygen goes to the iron, whilst its hydrogen unites, under the influence of great heat and pressure, with the carbon, to form the varieties of hydrocarbons which make up petroleum.

AN interesting journey of exploration was recently undertaken through the interior of Guiana by M. Crevaux, a surgeon in the French Navy. The explorer traversed about 500 leagues of ground, nearly half of which was through regions as yet untrod by any former traveller. He started from Cayenne, the seat of government, with two priests and twenty carriers, but was abandoned by his escort at the end of a month, and the two priests, falling sick, returned to Cayenne. He had the courage, however, to persevere, and, being accompanied by a negro and a native, ascended the river Maroni as far as the foot of Mount Tumac; from which point, descending the Yari, he reached the Amazon after walking for 142 consecutive days. In the dense woods of French Guiana he met with enormous trees, the trunks of which rise to a height of 130 feet, and which spread out so as to form canopies of foliage impenetrable to the rays of the sun.


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1. Circumcision.
3. Friday. Fast.
5. Second Sunday after Christmas.
6. EPIPHANY.
10. Friday. Fast.
12. First Sunday after Epiphany.
17. Friday. Fast.
19. Second Sunday after Epiphany.
24. Friday. Fast.
25 Conversion of St. Paul.
26. Third Sunday after Epiphany.
31. Friday. Fast.

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Perchance some hidden joy,
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Perchance some hidden woe,
Whose deadly blight may cling
Through life; a weary thing,
A shadow-self below.

Whate'er the future be,
Father, Thou knowest best!
Help us this truth to see,
Then gladly unto Thee
We may leave all the rest.

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### CHAPTER XVIII.

*All for Love.*

In the streets of the capital, despite the evening hour and unpropitious autumn weather, were astir the restless, teeming activities of a great city. Carriages rolled hither and thither, pursuing one another in various directions; pedestrians thronged the pavements and brightly-lighted shops; rest and quietness prevailing only in the more aristocratic quarters of the city, which lay apart from the thoroughfares of business.

In the chamber which she at present occupied in the Selteneck mansion sat Gabrielle Harder, alone and wholly absorbed in that melancholy musing which so often took possession of her now, and threatened to make a very dreamer out of the self-willed, animated girl of former days. She was already in full dress, for they were to attend the opera this evening; but she was evidently not thinking about this, and, ensconced in an arm-chair, was heedlessly crushing the lace upon her robe.

If anything could have diverted Gabrielle's mind it would have been this stay at the capital, where she and her mother had been received with great kindness. The Countess Selteneck was an intimate friend of the baroness; she had formerly visited a great deal at the Harders, and after the baron's death had maintained a constant correspondence with his widow. This reunion was equally pleasant to both ladies, and the countess, having no child of her own, petted and spoiled her friend's charming daughter in every possible manner.

The baroness had learned here, for the first time, of the attack hurled against Raven, but she was a great deal too superficial to appreciate the gravity and significance of the affair, which in her eyes was a passing vexation—about such a one as the revolution in R——. It did not enter her remotest imagination that the baron's position could be threatened thereby; his affairs in general interested her only in so far as her own prospects were bound up with them. Madame von Harder, as we know, felt not the slightest sympathy with her brother-in-law, but she had an excessive fear of him. To be sure she was indignant at the shamelessness of that Winterfeld, in whose behavior she only saw an act of personal revenge on account of his rejection; but she did not doubt that the baron would administer merited castigation to the rash creature. As for the rest she saw no occasion for tormenting herself about these disagreeable matters, which would have been long settled before they got back home. The fall fashions, soirées and opera, were far more interesting.

That her daughter would not venture—after the insult which Assessor Winterfeld had put upon the baron—to resume her relations to the former, the baroness considered as a point made out. Her solicitude only extended to hindering an accidental meeting between the two, which indeed was no difficult matter. George did not visit in the Selteneck circle, and Gabrielle was never allowed to go out alone here among strangers. Besides, she had really made no attempt to inform the young man of her presence, shrinking as she did from an interview. How should she meet George with love for another in her heart? Whatever had lately interposed itself between her and Arno, even his own harshness and injustice had not been able to banish his image, and the thought of the danger threatening him brought out that image only the more vividly. Better than her mother could she measure the whole extent of this attack, whose development she had been watching for weeks with feverish interest. She, who had hardly ever been used to bestowing a glance upon the newspapers, now searched into every notice, and snatched every remark in conversation which at all concerned the baron.

Winterfeld's paper, with its accusations, revealed to the young girl, too, Raven's true picture, which she was obliged to recognize in every feature, uncovering before her all the dark sides of his character; and in contrast arose George's form, so pure, so firm, so noble in courageously sacrificing a whole future to the bidding of duty and conscience; but what availed all this? Gabrielle's whole soul went forth to meet that stern, despotic man, stood by his side in battle, tormented and distressed itself on his account, and against George sprang up a feeling of bitterness, for he it was who had attacked and insulted her beloved.

The striking of the clock upon the mantelpiece aroused Gabrielle from her reverie and reminded her that it was time for the appointed drive to the theatre. She threw her lace scarf around her, drew on her gloves, and went across to the parlor, where her mother was, already, with the Countess Selteneck.

The Countess Selteneck was about the same age as the baroness, but looked considerably younger than she did, perhaps just for the very reason that she did not take such pains to preserve the appearance of youth. Without being beautiful, she was still captivating through a pleasing exterior and an evidently decided character. Both ladies were already in full evening dress.

"I know exactly, Matilda, how much you have suffered under the restraints of intercourse in your brother-in-law's house. But what will one not do for the sake of one's children! When you think, too, that Gabrielle's whole future rests in his hands, and that some day, as his heiress, she will have at her disposal an almost princely fortune. Your brother-in-law has given you definite promises to that effect, has he not?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the baroness. "It was done directly after my arrival at his house, but I am afraid this unfortunate occurrence about Assessor Winterfeld makes the whole thing questionable again."

"The assessor," remarked the countess abruptly, "by the way, has an extremely attractive appearance. I mentioned to you, I believe, that I became acquainted with him a few weeks ago at a soirée, where, to tell the truth, he formed the universal centre of attraction."

"Assessor Winterfeld?" asked the baroness half incredulously and half contemptuously.

"Most assuredly so. He has become, in a measure, a celebrity, and has been marvelously protected by the ministry. He is received into the best society, and everywhere treated with distinction."

"What an unheard of thing!" cried Madame von Harder. "But they are pledged to punish the insult offered to the Governor of R——, and cannot possibly distinguish the offender."

"It is done nevertheless—and, as I fear, designedly, out of opposition to the baron. I cannot see, for the life of me, Matilda, why you and your brother-in-law esteemed the assessor's suit so very preposterous. Instead of rejecting it, and thereby driving him to this desperate step, you ought to have given him hope."

"Hope?" repeated the baroness. "Pray, Theresa, he is of common birth."

"That is no insurmountable obstacle," declared the countess, who, as a worldly-wise and practical woman, allowed herself to be very little influenced by prejudices of rank, and had been obviously charmed by George's personal attractions. "What is there in a patent of nobility? Raven too was a commoner when he became engaged to your sister."

"That was an exceptional case, and Assessor Winterfeld"——

"Promises to have quite a similar career. Do not look at me in such amazement. I am only expressing the general opinion. After that certainly very bold step, which drew upon him every eye in the land, he need have no further fear of being overlooked. Were he now closely linked with an old aristocratic family like yours, nothing more would be wanting to put him upon the path to an elevation such as Baron von Raven has attained."

Madame von Harder had become very thoughtful. She was accustomed to defer to the judgment of her intellectually superior friend; and, according to her picture of him, Winterfeld appeared before her in quite a different light. It would not have required a great deal to bring to life again the preference which she had entertained for George in the beginning.

The entrance of Count Selteneck put an end to the conversation. He was to accompany the ladies to the opera, but had a visit to pay beforehand, from which he had just returned. After saying good evening and exchanging a

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few indifferent questions and answers, the countess remarked that it was high time to be going, and was on the point of ringing for the carriage when her husband held her back.

"One moment, Theresa!" said he lightly. "I would like to speak with you about a trifle, if the baroness will excuse us for a few minutes."

The baroness begged that they would not disturb themselves on her account, and the count went with his wife into the adjoining apartment.

"What has happened?" asked she uneasily.

"I have gotten news," replied the count in a whisper, "which will affect Madame von Harder very painfully. It concerns her brother-in-law, Baron von Raven."

He had closed the door to the parlor, but the room had a second outlet, which was covered only by a *portière*. The speaker stood in immediate proximity to this last, just at the instant when Gabrielle was about to enter, on her way to the parlor. She heard the last words and the baron's name, and that was enough to keep her rooted to the spot on which she stood. Hidden behind the *portière* she listened breathlessly.

"It cannot be that the governor has sent in his resignation, is it?" asked the countess.

"There is no longer any talk of that," said Selteneck. "Had that been so, why he would but have shared the fate of many high officers of State who from time to time have stepped off the stage. What I have just heard at my brother's is of so grave a nature that, if it is confirmed—and it comes directly from the ministry—the baron is a lost man!"

The countess looked at her husband aghast, who continued in a smothered, but, to Gabrielle, clearly comprehensible tone:

"The chief newspaper from R—— has in it an article which contains a thoroughly annihilating accusation against the governor. It has been said, now and then, that Raven was not wholly without sympathy for that earlier revolutionary movement; but how many were there who were not carried away at that time! Those were youthful extravagances, to which nobody attaches any weight, if they remain mere ideas. But in that article it is maintained that the baron was a confederate, nay, a leader of that combination, whose head was supposed to have been condemned in Dr. Brunnow — the same whose rearrest a short while ago created such a sensation. It is maintained that Raven has betrayed his friends in the most dishonorable manner, delivering up all their papers and means of proof; and that his position in the ministry was the price of this infamy. The charge has been brought forward with a decision and unreserve which hardly leaves room for a doubt, and they refer to Brunnow's own testimony."

"And what reply did Raven make?" interrupted the countess.

"He declared the whole thing to be a lie. So much the simple duty of self-defence enjoins upon him, but nothing has been heard yet of counter-evidence. If he does not succeed in clearing up the matter, and cleansing himself from such suspicion, his *rôle* is played out."

"Poor Matilda!" exclaimed the countess.

The count shrugged his shoulders.

"Are we to keep silence on the subject for a while longer?"

"No," replied the countess; "she will learn it to-morrow through the newspapers. We must tell her all."

Both agreed that the intended visit to the opera must be given up, and returned to the parlor. Gabrielle's face was ghastly pale when she left her place and returned to her own chamber. Not for an instant did she deceive herself as to the true significance of what she had just heard. The instinct of love taught her to judge of Raven's character better than could have done the longest experience of men and affairs. She knew that the baron was equal to any struggle, any stroke of fate, save that one ycleped shame and humiliation, and this was the very one they had now conjured up against him.

While the Countess Selteneck was imparting this painful news, the young girl at her desk was dashing off a few lines on paper with feverish haste. They were only a few words, and the address was to Assessor Winterfeld. The letter reached him safely at the ministerial bureau. It contained nothing more than the announcement of her presence in the neighborhood, with the request to call upon her the next day at Count Selteneck's—not a word more.

On the afternoon of the next day George Winterfeld entered the countess's parlor. Gabrielle followed in a few moments, and George hurried to meet her with an outburst of joy.

"Gabrielle, *my* Gabrielle, at last we see each other again!"

In his rapture he did not feel that her hand lay motionless in his own, without returning its pressure, and that the sole response to his tender greeting consisted in a feeble, melancholy smile. He continued in the same strain of joyful excitement:

"But what means all this? I believed you to be still at R——, and learn now, for the first time, that you are staying near to me, in the capital. And how am I to explain the letter which summons me to you? Does your mother know of this invitation?"

"No," said Gabrielle with unwonted decision. "She has gone out to drive with the Countess Selteneck. On her return I shall inform her of my having sent for you, and why I did so. She would not have allowed this interview, and I was obliged to speak with you."

George looked at her with a little astonishment. Such a determined step it was not usually in Gabrielle's way to take.

"I, too, longed ardently to speak with you," replied he. "It was not possible for me to convey tidings to you. I could not, would not, maintain intercourse with the governor's household—at least against his will. You know how I now stand with regard to him."

"I have been obliged to hear it—from others. You left me with vague hints, which I hardly understood. You allowed the truth to break in upon me quite unexpectedly."

George understood the reproach.

"Pardon me!" implored he fervently. "It was done wholly and solely for your own sake. I durst not make you accessory to a scheme directed against the man in whose house and under whose protection you were living. Are you angry with me on that account? You have no idea how many conflicts I had to go through with myself, ere I determined upon that step."

"It has brought you good fortune!" The young girl's voice had a peculiar, almost scornful intonation. "At a stroke it lifted you up out of obscurity; your name is in the mouth of every one now!"

A shadow crossed Winterfeld's earnest, handsome face.

"It presses sorely enough upon me that it has come to pass through such an occasion. I had not in the least reckoned upon this result. Or do you doubt what I told you at our parting? Do you doubt, Gabrielle, that no personal feeling of revenge against the baron inspired me, and that my writing existed before we knew one another? I was prepared for its being fatal to me, for I knew the adversary whom I provoked. My position, my whole future fate perhaps, were at stake, but the thing was to break the tyrannical power of a man, against whom no one ventured to move. I adventured it, and was ready to bear the consequences, yet, if anything ever took an unexpected turn, it was this. I was shielded and protected on all sides, and the governor was given up. I had no suspicion what a powerful party favored my coming forward, in the very circles that I dreaded most."

He had spoken clearly and quietly, but there lay an uneasy and painful look of inquiry in his eye, which the lips refused to utter. He could not reconcile himself to the manner of his beloved; she met him so coldly, so distantly, without a sign of sympathy. Not a word of tenderness to drop from her after long weeks of separation! Instead of this subjects were discussed which Gabrielle would have once esteemed entirely beyond her province, and now they seemed to engage her every interest. What had come over her?

"One more question, George," resumed she. "That last attack, that shameful slander, which the papers brought—have you anything to do with it?"

"No; the sudden revelation surprised me no less than others, and I know not from whom it comes. The weapons which I fight with are not anonymous accusations, that attach to a long-vanished past. If I had been willing to make capital of that fact in my paper, the governor's fall would have been decided long ago, for I have known it for months."

"Fact?" burst forth Gabrielle. "It is a falsehood! How can you doubt it for a moment?"

"It is a fact," said the young man gravely. "I have it from the mouth of a man who has found it hard enough to appear as the accuser of his former friend. It is Max Brunnow's father."

"And I tell you, though, it is slander!" cried Gabrielle with flashing eyes. "Arno is incapable of doing anything dishonorable, and has always been so. He declares it to be a lie; hence, it *is* a lie, and if the whole world accuses him, I believe *him* alone."

"Arno?—you believe *him* alone?" repeated George slowly. "What—what does that mean?"

"Everybody forsakes him now," continued Gabrielle in an outburst of passion, "everything is against him! So long as he stood there, high and mighty, nobody dared to touch him; but since you have given the signal for attack, he is pursued upon all sides, and hunted to destruction. And if in spite of all this he stands his ground, then the last expedient is resorted to, and he is mortally wounded in his honor. Oh! I only know too well why he sent me away. He foresaw what was impending; he wanted to be alone in his fall!"

George had turned pale as death; his anguished gaze fastened itself intently upon the face of the warmly excited maiden. This warmth betrayed too much, and the young man's heart contracted spasmodically. He boded the death of his happiness.

"What has happened between you and the baron?" asked he. "No guardian, no relation, was ever defended thus. That was the way in which you should have spoken of me if I had been threatened by any danger. What has happened during our separation? Gabrielle! No, it is impossible! You cannot love this Raven!"

She gave no answer; but sank into a chair and, hiding her face in her hands, broke out into loud weeping. An uneasy silence lasted for a few moments, only broken by Gabrielle's sobs. George stood there motionless—he needed no other answer; but the discovery came too suddenly, too unexpectedly.

"You love him, then," said he at last mechanically. "And he—now I comprehend his hatred of me, his frenzy when he discovered my love. That, then, was the reason why he parted us so inexorably; therefore he took from me every hope of ever calling you mine. That he would also take your love from me—*that* I would not have believed."

Gabrielle dried her tears, and straightened herself up.

"Pardon me, George! I feel the whole weight of my injustice towards you; but I cannot help it. I did not know what love was when I gave you my word. I learned to know it first when I met Arno; and now it would be treason against you should I longer conceal from you the truth. I did struggle so long as struggling was possible; even yesterday I wavered and doubted; but then came that news, when an end was put to every doubt. I know now where alone I belong, and will take my stand; but first of all you must know everything. Give me back my word, I implore you! I cannot keep it to you!"

The young man stood there, a terrible conflict raging in his bosom.

"And did you send for me to tell me this?" asked he.

"Yes," was the hardly audible reply.

"You are free the very instant that you desire to be so," said George with intense bitterness. "I swore to you that nothing in the world should move me to resign your hand unless I should hear from your own mouth that you gave me up. I have heard it—farewell!"

He turned away and moved towards the door. Gabrielle hurried after him, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Do not leave me so, George! Say that you forgive me! Part not from me in hatred and bitterness! I cannot stand to have you angry with me."

There it was again, the same sweet tone as of old, which had so often exerted its ensnaring power; now too it brought the young man quickly to a halt, and when the pretty tearful countenance was uplifted to him in anxious entreaty his deeply wounded pride gave way. He embraced her, the being whom he still loved so passionately.

"Must I lose you, then?" he asked in quivering tone. "Bethink you, Gabrielle! Sacrifice not so hastily our happiness and love! Raven's passion has bewitched and blinded you. He knows how to chain the hearts of others to himself with demoniacal power; but he never will nor can make a woman happy. You, with your bright, sunny nature, will pine away at this man's side. You do not know him yet. He does not deserve your love!"

Gabrielle gently released herself from his arms.

"Is it happiness that I am seeking at Arno's side? I would only stay by him when all else deserts him. I would only share his fate, and perish with him if it must be so. Such is the only happiness that I expect; and this one, at least, I will not suffer to be taken from me."

There was a devoted tenderness in these words, and George's glance rested with dull pain upon the youthful creature who had so quickly learned the fulness of woman's self-sacrificing love. So, exactly so, had he dreamed of his Gabrielle, when he exalted the merry, self-willed child into the ideal of his life; only dreamed indeed, for he never hoped that she would soar to such a height. Now this ideal stood incorporate before him, and at the same instant he learned that it was lost to him forever

"Then let us part," said he, summoning up all his courage. "You are right. With this overflowing love for another in your heart, you cannot be mine. Even without your asking it, I would have released you after this confession. Do not weep, Gabrielle! I have no hatred to you, no reproach to make against you, only against him who robbed me of you. You were the happiness. You were all in all to me, the joy of my life. How I shall endure it, with you missing, I do not know. Farewell!"

Once more he drew her to himself, once more pressed his lips to hers, and then hurried away from the house which he had entered with such glad expectations, and was now leaving with no hope of happiness surviving in his breast. Gabrielle was left alone; she wept no more, but it was an unspeakable grief which now penetrated her inmost soul. She felt, that with George's love, the best and noblest part of her life was gone.

*(To be continued.)*

## *THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."*

It is now—in the autumn of 1878—just five-and-twenty years since the first appearance of "The Heir of Redclyffe," an event which may be counted one of no little importance to churchly literature. Miss Sewell, the friend and senior of the author of this book, had already won a position of influence as a writer who taught Church principles through the channel of healthy fiction; but Miss Yonge, in "The Heir of Redclyffe," took by storm the hearts of the reading public, gaining by her genius and mastery over the human emotions an audience far wider than any other writer of her high tone and decided Church principles had ever won.

A paper in *The North American Review*, for April, 1855, says of "The Heir of Redclyffe": "With a tolerable acquaintance with fictitious heroes (not to speak of real ones), from Sir Charles Grandison down to the nursery idol Carlton, we have little hesitation in pronouncing Sir Guy Morville of Redclyffe, baronet, the most admirable one that we ever met with, in story or out. The glorious, joyous boy, the brilliant, ardent, chivalrous child of genius and of fortune, crowned with the beauty of his early holiness, and overshadowed with the darkness of his hereditary doom, and the soft and touching sadness of his early death—what a creation is there! what a vision!

"We scarcely know which to admire the most, his goodness or simplicity. It is not glued to the outside of his character in a hard, thin, dry veneering, to scratch one's fingers at a touch and come off at a rub, but planted in the congenial virgin soil of his warm young heart, and springing forth, with flowers as well as fruit, in rich spontaneous luxuriance, through every look, word, and action. His laugh, his whistle, and his song grow into our store of sweetest recollections, and linger there like dear household memories of our own. On the rocky, solitary hill-side of his fierce temptation, dashing down beneath him, with a struggle like that which parts soul from body, the fury of his too just anger—tossing in his little boat through the storm, when even the hardy fishermen, but for him, would have shrunk back from the rescue of the shipwrecked sailors, in the church with his sad thoughts, in the cathedral with his Amy, kindling the imagination of the painter with the impassioned reverence of his look—above her in the fine scene on the Alps, where she hangs between this world and the other, with his quick foot, strong hand, few words, and pale agony—by the sick bed of his unprovoked and implacable enemy—on his own patient death-bed—he is always the model of sublime and beautiful early manhood, while all this time his excellence lies hid from his own eyes, beneath his adoring contemplation of that perfection which is more than human."

Since the first of the many editions of "The Heir of Redcyffe" came out, Miss Yonge, with a facility and power that might seem incredible were they not witnessed, has given to the public a continuous stream of books—various in their characters and special aims, but all interesting, valuable, and breathing a spirituality that would not go out of the world, but would consecrate all things in the world to God's service.

Mary Charlotte Yonge was born in 1823, and was an only daughter. Both her grandfathers were clergymen, and her parents were staunch, old-fashioned Church people. Her father, William Crawley Yonge, was a magistrate and a retired soldier, who, as a Light Infantry officer, had served in a distinguished regiment in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. He was a man of some sternness of manner, but of great tenderness and executive ability, and to his guidance the bent of his daughter's character must be largely ascribed. Her mother seems to have been a woman of literary taste, with some poetic gift; and probably Miss Yonge was speaking of herself when, in her recent book on "Womankind," she said: "I remember a mother who said of an only daughter that up to her fourteenth or fifteenth year she could trace whence every thought or idea the girl uttered came from; and though afterwards there might be the natural shooting beyond of the young branch, the perfect harmony and accordance were never lost between the two minds."

We gather from the bits of autobiography which Miss Yonge occasionally gives her readers that her childhood was no foolishly pampered time of life. "We grew up," she says, "upon unbuttered, unjammed bread, and we boldly declare it was no unkindness, rather the reverse. For not only have we to this day neither fear nor distaste to bread unembellished; but the plainness of our daily fare

was no grievance, while a treat was easily given and greatly appreciated." And, in the days of her training, she was required to read "a chapter of Goldsmith's 'Rome' to a chapter of Walter Scott each day." She is a great lover of Walter Scott, and a liking of military life and discipline appears in her writings as becomes a soldier's daughter.

Miss Yonge was about twelve years of age when Mr. Keble took up his abode at Hursley Vicarage, about two miles from her own home at Otterbourne, near Winchester. He was rector of Otterbourne as well as vicar of Hursley. At the age of fifteen she came under his direct teaching as a candidate for confirmation, and says of it: "This I would call the great influence of my life did I not feel unworthy to do so; but of this I am sure, that no one else, save my own father, had so much to do with my whole cast of mind." There is much meaning in the two warnings with which Mr. Keble closed his teaching preparatory to confirmation—"the one against much talk and discussion of Church matters, especially doctrines; the other against the danger of loving these things for the sake merely of their beauty and poetry—aesthetically he would have said, only that he would have thought the word affected."

Otterbourne had a parish church of its own, but at the time Mr. Keble became the incumbent at Hursley this church was too small for the needs of the population of Otterbourne, and it was contemplated to enlarge the edifice. Finally this plan was abandoned, and it was determined to build a new church. William Crawley Yonge, in his military life, had made himself a good draughtsman, and he now acted as architect of the new church, and Mr. Keble gave $1,600 towards its erection. When the building was completed Mr. Keble's curate was its officiating minister. Mr. Yonge also gave his services as amateur-architect in the erection of a church at Ampfield, one of the hamlets belonging to Hursley parish.

Miss Yonge had been for some time privately practising the writing of stories, when, in 1845, she was induced to submit the manuscript of the tale called "Abbey Church," which was afterward published, to the inspection of her friends at Hursley vicarage, and from that time forth, for many years, Mr. and Mrs. Keble were in the habit of reviewing her books before publication. As regards "Abbey Church," it had been for many years out of print, when, in 1872, Miss Yonge, in deference to many requests for it, republished it, but spoke of it as her "first crude attempt," and expressed her consciousness of its faults—faults too fully interwoven with the story to be corrected. The story is open to the charge of pedantry and narrowness, but it is interesting to a lover of the author, as showing how she has always held to the same great principles, and has always been of one mental bend, and yet has been steadily growing in wisdom, and deepening in proportion as she has broadened.

She has herself related how "The Heir of Redclyffe" originated in the request of a friend that she would write a book that would set forth—not the penitence of those who have been guilty of great sins—but the penitence of the saints. Her father, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Keble, were deeply interested in the progress of the book, which was written when she was about thirty years of age. It was given to the public in the autumn of 1853, and was already a great success, when, in the February of 1854, William Crawley Yonge died, after a brief illness caused by apoplexy. Miss Yonge's only brother, who had followed their father's profession, was just about to sail with his regiment for the Crimea. He was aware of his father's alarming illness, but could not wait to know its issue, and did not actually hear of his parent's death until he reached Malta. The widow and daughter were, at this time of overwhelming sorrow, blessed with the companionship and sympathy of Mr. Keble and his wife. Mr. Keble, announcing to Sir John Coleridge the blow that had fallen upon Miss Yonge and her mother says: "What *they* will do without him, what we and all the neighbors will do, especially what Otterbourne will do, I am sure I cannot say. There is really no one that I know of in this parish at all to take his place. But our loss (we may speak it, D. V., with more absolute confidence than usual), is his exceeding gain."

We may tell here, in Miss Yonge's own words, how, in part, the means were procured for supplying Bishop Selwyn with a new ship, called the "Southern Cross," to be used in his missionary voyages in the South Pacific.

"My mother," she says, "had always been eagerly interested in the mission, and when on the day of my father's funeral something brought before her the request for the vessel, she said to Mrs. Keble how much she should like to see the sum raised by contributions from those who liked 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' then in its first flush of success. Mrs. Keble, pleased to see that anything could interest her, warmly took up the idea; other friends joined, and by their great kindness a sum was raised sufficient to be at least worth presenting to the bishop by the hands of a little three-year-old girl, just able to know that she had seen 'man,' and given him 'letter,' though only later able to value his blessing."

John Coleridge Patteson, the coadjutor of Bishop Selwyn, and finally the noble Bishop of the South Sea Islands, was a relative of Miss Yonge. She only met him personally on two occasions, but she took a deep interest in his self-denying missionary labors, and contributed largely to the work in which he was engaged. The bishop had established a school for his Melanesian scholars at St. John's College, near Auckland; but that locality was found too bleak for his South Sea Islanders, and he decided to remove them to Kohimarama, where they would be in a sheltered spot. In the delightful story called "The Daisy Chain" Miss Yonge had drawn the attention of young people to mission work in New Zealand, and shown how desirable it is that the most highly-gifted youths should devote themselves to foreign Church work. The proceeds of this book she devoted to Bishop Patteson's mission. She says: "The earlier voyages, and, in especial, the characters of Siapo and Umas, had been so suggestive of incidents fabricated in 'The Daisy Chain,' that the proceeds of the book were felt to be the due of the mission, and at this time these had grown to such an amount as to make up the sum needful for erecting such buildings as were immediately requisite for the intended college." Bishop Patteson gladly received this offering, made to the Master, writing to his "dear cousin," from Kohimarama, in the December of 1859:

"May God bless you for what you have lent to Him, and give us, who are specially connected with the mission, grace to use your gift as you intend it to be used, to His glory in the salvation of souls."

It was designed to call the school for Melanesians at Kohimarama St. Andrew's College, after the church built at Cocks-moor in "Daisy Chain," and this name was used for a while; but the name finally given the institution was that of St. Barnabas, the missionary apostle. Miss Yonge cordially approved of the change, feeling "that it was more fitting that the germ of a missionary theological college should not bear a name even in allusion to a work of fiction."

Shortly after the death of Bishop Patteson, Miss Yonge wrote his life in two octavo volumes. It is a biography of thrilling interest, and she wrote on its completion: "It has been an almost solemn work of anxiety, as well as one of love."

Miss Yonge has a strong bias for history, and has written many histories for use as educational books. And she has also written numbers of historical stories, "The Caged Lion," which tells of the captivity of James I. of Scotland in England during the reign of Henry V.; "The Chaplet of Pearls," which treats of the time of Henry II. of France, etc.

We can count up now of Miss Yonge's books about seventy, not including one or two historical books that she and Miss Sewell have prepared and published conjointly; books that she has edited; and those that she has translated from the French. And of the seventy, it should be mentioned that many consist of two or three volumes each. Her work on "Christian Names" is one of "much curious erudition"; and her "Conversations on the Catechism" was prepared in the course of five or six years, and most carefully examined by Mr. Keble.

Some years since a collective edition of Miss Yonge's books in German was published in Germany.

In 1858 Miss Yonge built a school-chapel at Pitt, a hamlet in Hursley parish, that still remained without adequate church accommodation. This hamlet is three miles from Hursley church, and before this building was erected, a weekly service was held in a cottage in the hamlet. Mr. Keble's biographer, Sir John Coleridge, says of Miss Yonge's building this school-chapel: "I may not particularize, indeed I cannot, and I believe no one but herself could particularize, all her munificent acts done in the same spirit, which render her literary works the greater blessing to herself, and yet the very least of her claims to the love and respect of others. She could scarcely have gratified Keble more than by this offering, though he could scarcely love her the more for it, than he had done before. He seems, from the manner in which he always writes of her, to have regarded her almost as a daughter bequeathed to him by her departed father."

Another friend of Mr. Keble's, writing since his death of intercourse with him toward the close of his life, says: "His reading was, of course, more desultory now, and he said he often took up 'Golden Deeds,' and refreshed himself with one or two. He said this, standing in the window that looked east, with the book in his hand, and he went on to speak affectionately of the writer, and to say, 'She has written many good things, but this is the best of all.'"

Mary Charlotte Yonge is now about fifty-five years of age. Long may she continue her labors, ever spreading farther and wider the influence of her genius, culture, and

goodness, until in the Master's time she has filled up the measure of a life of golden deeds.

### *A THANKSGIVING-DAY HYMN.*

*To the Editor of* THE CHURCHMAN:

Christ church, Newbern, N. C., was most beautifully and appropriately decorated for the service of Thanksgiving-day with the fruits of the earth intermixed with grasses, autumn leaves, and fern fronds; a large bouquet of which, tastefully combined with heads of rice, oats, wheat, and golden millet, filled the font. Above the altar rose tobacco-plants, which, with softly waving plumes of grass, formed a background for a large cross, composed of golden millet-heads, round which was wreathed a string of scarlet peppers. At the base of the cross were apples, oranges, and bunches of native grapes, gleaming from amid bright-colored autumn leaves and the green fronds of mountain ferns. Sheaves of rice, wheat, and oats were bound to the standards of the chancel rail, with ears of corn rising above or peeping from the midst of bouquets of autumn flowers. Roses and chrysanthemums were at the foot of the lectern and litany-desk, and mingled with the fruit at the foot of the cross. The effect was so beautiful as to draw forth the following lines from one of the ladies of the congregation, which I send you for publication:

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

High above the church's altar
Pile the fruits of earth to-day,
'Mid the golden corn and millet
Luscious grapes and apples lay.

Round the cross let scarlet pepper
Speak the sharpness of life's pain;
At its foot let fruit and flowers
Tell it is not all in vain.

Here are ferns and waving grasses
Mingled with tobacco leaves;
To support the chancel railing
Bind our wheat and rice in sheaves.

Not as off'rings do we bring them,
And around our altar lay,
But as symbols of the bounties
We receive from day to day.

War and pestilence and famine
All have walked the earth this year;
But we thank Thee, great Jehovah,
Unto us did not appear.

And in symbols speak we to Thee,
As Thou spak'st to him of old
Who first taught Thy chosen people
A thanksgiving-feast to hold.

Like yon chancel rail supported
Are our lives by daily bread;
But above is something better
Upon which our souls are fed.

Symbols, symbols, symbols only
Are the fruits of earth we lay
High above our church's altar
On this grand Thanksgiving-day.

## *THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.*

ST. MATTHEW II. 1–10.

Verse 1. The day of the Lord's birth was fixed by ancient tradition on the 25th of December, and this was sanctioned by Hippolytus, Athanasius, Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine. The appearance of the star coincided with the Lord's birth. The visit of the wise men was not till later, probably a year after the nativity.

The meaning of Bethlehem is "House of Bread," and this is typified in the living bread that came down from heaven (St. John vi. 51). Bethlehem of Judea is so called to distinguish it from a Bethlehem in Zebulon (Joshua xix. 15). It is situated about six miles to the south of Jerusalem. "In the days of Herod the king" fixes the time of the nativity very nearly, since the date of Herod's death is known; and the age of the Lord given by St. Luke shows that the Lord's birth was not very much earlier. "Herod the king" is Herod the Great, the Idumaean. He was made king by Roman influence, and was equally distinguished by his ability and cruelty. "Wise men from the East." The word in the original is "magi," not magicians in the Greek sense, but Persian sages of the priestly caste, and also it is supposed of the caste from which the ancient Persian kings were taken. To this has always been applied such passages as Isaiah xlix. 23, lx. 3, and Psalms lxii. 11. The number is not given in the New Testament, but is traditionally held to be three. It is probable that, though of Persian origin, they came from Arabia, and it is generally held that they were representatives of the ancient monotheism of the East.

Verse 2. "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" King of the Jews is one of the Messianic titles of the Lord. Their reason for asking this is given in the next clause, "We have seen His star in the East." It is to be noted here that the word translated "East" is more properly to be rendered "in its rising," being in the singular and not in the plural. The reason which led them to associate this appearance of a star with the birth of Christ was probably founded on the prophecy of Balaam (Numb. xxiv. 17) and that of Daniel (ix. 24–26), and the universal opinion current in the heathen world that a king whose monarchy should be over the whole world was to arise in Judea. There are various explanations of the nature of the star seen by these magi; but it is difficult to determine them satisfactorily without knowing on what principles of interpreting the motions of the heavenly bodies the magi reasoned. Some think it to be a conjunction of the planets, some that it was a new star appearing for a short time and then vanishing, others that it was a sign miraculously displayed to the magi alone. (See Smith's Bible Dictionary, Vol. III., Art. "Star—The Wise Men.")

Verse 3. "When Herod the king had heard these things he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." Herod was troubled, fearing that power was to pass from him and his race. Jerusalem was troubled probably in hope that he was to be dethroned by the Prince of the house of David; partly, too, the adherents of Herod sympathized with the king.

Verse 4. "The chief priests and scribes." Owing to the confusion of these times there were several high-priests—that is, those who had borne the office and been deposed. The office was properly held by one only, and that for life. Note hereafter the cases of Annas and Caiaphas. The scribes were those learned in the law of Moses and the prophets, probably members of the Sanhedrim. "Where Christ should be born." That is, according to the prophecies, Herod leaves it as an open question whether Christ really had been already born or was yet to come.

Verse 5. "And they said unto him." Herod had called together all the learned men of Jerusalem, as appears from the preceding verse, and this implies that their answer was unanimous.

Verse 6. This verse is taken from Micah (verse 2), and it will be observed that it is not quoted literally. The main points are, however, preserved. The scribes use the current interpretation which is still preserved in their Chaldee paraphrase. The variations are moreover such as serve to bring out the inner sense more fully. Thus, Micah calls Bethlehem the least among the thousands of Judah—that is, among the divisions by thousands—having reference to its state at the time and as it appeared. It is now called "*not* the least," because of its dignity as Messiah's birthplace. Also the paraphrase reads "princes," *i. e.*, heads over thousands, instead of "thousands," showing that the true greatness lay not in numbers but in worth.

Verse 7. Herod's inquiry was made at a private interview as he had his own secret purposes. He "inquired diligently"—that is, closely or minutely. His object was to discover, if possible, the person of Messiah. He seems to have had a foreboding that they would do as they actually did, or, with the usual cunning of an Eastern tyrant, he trusted no man.

Verse 8. He attempts to make them the instruments of the betrayal of the Lord under the pretext of doing homage himself to Messiah. It has been said that the story of the massacre of the holy innocents cannot be true, since there was no mention of it in profane history. But for many reasons Herod would conceal his real design, since nothing would have roused the people against him more surely than the belief that he had killed the infant Messiah. Doubtless the pretext for the slaughter was one which prevented it from being known or commented on.

Verse 9. It is this verse which has given most of the difficulty to the interpreters. "The star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." This seems to forbid the idea of a celestial body or a planetary conjunction, since ordinarily such a one appearing in the zenith would be above the observer wherever he might be. The interpreter has to choose between one of two theories—either the star was a luminous appearance seen only by the magi and actually guiding them to the house—and this is most in agreement with a literal rendering—or it was a true heavenly phenomenon, but which by times and laws of astrological science reached a point which coincided with their arrival at the home of Jesus. Neither solution is without difficulty, but the main fact that the wise men were supernaturally led by a guide which they could not mistake, and which satisfied them that they were right, is given with entire distinctness, and this is really the important fact. The manner of their leading is really no more essential for one to know than the number of the wise men, or the style in which they journeyed, or any other minor matter.

The star (or whatever it was) reappeared to the magi, and they recognized it for the same they had seen before. The time of the wise men's visit is concluded generally to have been after the presentation in the temple (St. Luke ii. 27), and the precaution of Herod in slaying the children of two years of age and under intimates that the visit of the magi might have been near the anniversary of the nativity, a year after.

Verse 10. "When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." It is hardly possible to render the intensity of the original in English, literally. They joyed a great joy, exceedingly. The words express the utmost capability of rejoicing. This shows their certainty of success, and implies that the guidance, however given, was to them a perfectly sure leading.

### *BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.*

A little pause in life, while daylight lingers,
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,
And soft gray shadows veil the aching eyes:

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of suns which long have set,
Belovèd ones, whose earthly toil is over,
Draw near as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me—through the dusk returning
I hear the echo of departed feet,
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning,
What is the charm which makes old things so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore withholden?
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;
And yet from out Jerusalem the golden
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."

"Father!" I cry, "the old must still be nearer,
Stifle my love or give me back the past—
Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are dearer
Than all Thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Peace, peace, the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness;
Old loves, old sunny scenes, will He restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall taint thine earth and vex thy heart no more.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

## *THE OBJECT OF CHURCH-GOING.**

Psalm lxviii. 16 (P. B. Version): "This is God's hill, in the which it pleaseth Him to dwell; yea, the Lord will abide in it forever."

A church-going people will do well sometimes to ask themselves the question, *Why do we go to church?* If this be God's hill—"the mountain of the Lord of hosts"—"in the which it pleaseth Him to dwell," with what purposes in view do we ascend, week by week, up to this His appointed sanctuary? If the good Lord abides here forever, as though between the wings of the cherubim in the tabernacle of old, what do His people hope to gain from Him in these their periodic approaches to His sacred presence?

May we not lose the right motive because we neglect to make any inquiry into our motives at all, as the wayfarer is left in the darkness because he does not attend to the oil in his lantern? May we not fail to reach the best purpose of church-going for lack of thought of what that best purpose is? I suppose that with man's natural proneness to a mere mechanical propriety he is liable to let any duty run down into a perfunctory and heartless performance, without anything deeper or better in it than the outward act, and devoid of all true value and real benefit because empty of every good motive and purpose. There are church-goers and church-goers; some, it is to be feared, without any good reason to give for going; others with a valid reason, perhaps, although not the best; and doubtless a large remainder who know for what they go, and that their object is the true one.

Why, then, do we go to church? What purpose have we in view?

Stated in the broadest way, *to go to Church aright is to go to worship Almighty God.* It is to ascend into the hill of the Lord in order to meet with God; and to meet with God is to worship Him. It is to come to God and worship Him in body and in spirit, which are His, with all that this Divine worship involves. We come up, therefore, in order to make full and hearty confession of our sins to God; to receive from Him, by the ministry of His priest, free absolution and remission through the merits of Jesus Christ; to commune with the Lord in the refreshing sense of this Divine forgiveness—to praise, to honor, to adore Him; to open the soul by faith to the reception of Divine life, of grace and strength for the work of our every-day existence. We assemble and meet together here to render thanks for the great benefits that we have received at God's hands; to set forth His most worthy praise; to hear His most holy Word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul.

Thus to come to church to worship God is to come, not so much for the discharge of a high duty (although it is this as well), as it is to enjoy a supreme privilege and blessing. It is to come in order to be healed; to be soothed; to be rested; to be drawn near to God, and made, more and more, "partakers of the Divine nature"; to appear before the glorious Lord—our Creator, Preserver, Redeemer, Sanctifier—to fall down at His feet and praise Him, bless Him, worship Him, glorify Him, and give Him thanks for His great glory. It is to draw with God's people so close to Him that we may "with open face behold, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, and *may be changed with the same image* from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." The faithful soul is *lifted up*—lifted up above its common living, into God's sanctuary presence; there to worship, to commune, and be fed; to be strengthened, refreshed, and healed.

I have read that in some of the Alpine regions the villagers send up their flocks and herds to pasture-spots in the mountains, where they are kept by the shepherds in order to graze and feed. And so Christ's flock are led up in their united worship to pastures green in the hill of God, whence they may descend strengthened and refreshed for the toils and cares of their lower existence in the vale of human life.

Indeed it is impossible, by illustration or otherwise, to exhaust the full truth as to this precious privilege we are considering; but I think we include the whole ground (as I have said) in a general statement when we declare that *Christians go to Church in order to worship their God and Saviour.*

1. It is to be noticed that this is (if I may so express it) a Divine work rather than a human. I mean that its Divine aspect is its most conspicuous and engrossing one. I mean that in this view of the matter we look not so much at the meeting of men and women together, and the presidency of one man over them, as at the meeting of God with men, and His great transactions with His creatures. We see less of the pulpit and the pews, and more of the altar and of the Divine presence. We think less of what we are doing for God, and more of what God is doing for us; less of what we give, of what we teach, even of what we learn, and more, far more, of what comes from God into our immortal souls.

This effectually disposes of the false notion that when we go to church "we go to preaching," as is so commonly thought and said; and that when the church is opened for Divine worship, it covers the whole ground to announce that "there will be preaching" at such a time; as well as the too prevalent idea that when there is no sermon, and only the grand worship of the Church, it is scarcely worth the while to attend. How lamentable it is that Christians should have fallen into such low views as these; that the Church of the Living and Present God should have been transformed—yes, deformed—into a mere preaching place, an auditorium; and that good people should think their Sunday duty done when they have seated themselves placidly in a cushioned pew and listened to a sermon on some Christian theme!

I do not underrate preaching. God forbid! Preaching is a Divine institution, and one which has had, and still has (let the unbeliever say what he will) a mighty work to do throughout the world. It has its place, and that a noble place, in the Church of God. No, what I protest against is only the excessive esteem of preaching to the utter obliteration of every other object in church-going; the elevation of Gospel preaching above its true place into the place of God's public worship; and the consequent loss of the idea of common worship among thousands of Christian people. Set the pulpit beside the altar; and let the ordained preacher teach his lesson from Holy Scripture after God's glorious worship is over, and the Lord has met with and blessed His people, and all is well. But build in the church a pulpit, and nothing but a pulpit, make that the sole, the central object of view; draw the people together to hear rather than to pray. Give to God's worship a few dull and weary moments, while the cream of time and attention is reserved for the sermon, and you have broken up the Divine proportions and robbed the worshipful Saviour of His due.

2. Keeping in mind the great purpose of church-going which we have thus laid before us, I think we can clearly perceive the necessity of a liturgical form of worship, a book of Common Prayer—a need which the Church in all ages has recognized and supplied. If it were only for the purpose of *preserving* the true idea of Divine worship, a liturgy would be required. The practical result of leaving this important matter in the hands of individual and erring men has been too often exemplified in the history of Protestantism to be longer misunderstood. If you would keep any truth for the ages to come, if you would guard it from the negligence and wilfulness of unwise men, from the tendencies of each successive generation—the "time-spirit," as it has been called—if you would pass it on intact and undiminished to your children's children, you must enshrine it in sound words which shall be ever on their lips and in their memories; you must crystallize it into an everlasting and everliving form. Let each man do what he will with it and say what he may about it; cut out no fixed channel for the precious truth, but let each transient tenant dig his own little ditch in any direction and any shape he please, and the water of truth will inevitably trickle away and be lost. A liturgy is the only thing that will keep the truth unchanged and unaffected by men's shifting opinions, even for one century, to say nothing of the cycles of the Church's life.

Strange that men should universally recog-

* A sermon delivered in Trinity church, Natchez, Miss., by the rector, the Rev. Alexander Marks.

nize and act upon this principle in everything else but their religion, everywhere else but where the most valuable truth in the universe is to be expressed and preserved. I wonder how long ancient Masonry would continue to be ancient Masonry if every lodge and every officer were permitted to conduct their ceremonies, confer their degrees, and do their work without any ordered ritual, but in such spontaneous language as each occasion should suggest? Not long, I think. And yet, clear as this is in every institution of the sort, believers are willing to trust the truth of God, by which alone their furthest descendants can be saved, to the voluntary and varying utterances of men—good, bad, and indifferent—scattered over all the world. A strange infatuation, indeed!

But not only is a Prayer Book thus necessary *to keep* the idea of common worship; such a form of sound words is needed in order that *that idea may be rightly carried into action.* It is necessary in order that God's people *may really worship.* In other words the full idea of Divine worship has been lost among many Christians, not alone because they have not forever embalmed this sacred truth in good words, but also because they have no such formulary, no such aid of worship, upon which their public devotions may habitually mount. If people are to worship God in common, they must have something to say and something to do. They must not be idle spectators of one man's doings. The spirit of devotion must not only be evoked, it must be beautifully conveyed into living and breathing forms. The prayers and praises of God's flock, the sacramental worship of God's elect, as they kneel before His heavenly mercy-seat, must be given the eagle wings of good words that they may ascend up, together with the intercessions of the great High-priest, into God's mighty presence.

If we come together in our churches only for *preaching*, then of course we need no ritual of worship. But if (as I contend) we go to church mainly *to worship* God, then we must have a Book of Common Prayer—a Book of *Common* Prayer, and that means a consecrated form for the prayers, not of one or two, but of all in common—a thoroughly united address to the ear of a listening God; a form of words which all know and love, from the least to the greatest; which every one can utter unreservedly from the depths of his soul; which is sweetened and hallowed by the use of a thousand thousand saints in ages gone; and which is made a grander and far more efficacious worship by the present and simultaneous use of God's children the world over, whose united and identical petitions rise up to His throne like the voice of a great multitude and the sound of many waters.

3. I think you can see that if we go to church—if we ascend into the hill of the Lord—for such common and united worship as this, then they who attend church must actively and devoutly engage in the worship, or else they will lose the benefit of church-going. Worship is the great object of our gathering together; and common worship is for all. It is for all without exception, because the Lord, who is present to meet with us and bless us, is the God and Saviour of all; in whom all live and move and have their being; and upon whom every soul depends absolutely for all things needful to both temporal and eternal life. As well remain seated and silent in a king's presence-chamber, when you go purposely to ask him some great boon, perhaps your pardon and your life, as loll in your pew while your Heavenly King and God is addressed and praised by His people in His Church. If you do not recognize and worship Him, you can scarcely expect to be instructed by Him; and if you neither worship nor learn, your church-going is all in vain. Worship your God, if you hope to be saved by Him. Worship Him together with His people, if you would be refreshed, and not wearied, by the services of His sanctuary.

4. I have said that our common worship here is intended to secure us pardon, peace, and spiritual refreshment; that we come to church to be rested and soothed; to meet with our great Physician and be cured by His Divine touch of our many infirmities, and strengthened by His grace for the multiform duties and trials of life. We commune with the Lord in His body the Church; and as living members we draw sustenance and renewed life from the Divine heart and head.

Now, if this be so, how can one lead a true Christian life who wilfully and causelessly neglects the worship and the ordinances of the Church of Christ? How can one live without the bread of life? How can one grow in grace and the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour who habitually ignores the Lord's church, the Lord's chosen worship, the Lord's anointed ministry, the Lord's preached word, and the Lord's designated means of grace? Is it not impossible? Just as impossible as it would have been for one of that hungering multitude in the fields of Galilee to have been saved from starving if he had turned wilfully away instead of taking his seat in the ordered ranks on the green grass when the Lord gave bread to the apostles, and the apostles to the people.

I do not undervalue private devotions. They are mighty in their true place and function; and no believer can live in Christ without them. But I do assert, without fear of refutation, that the man or woman who is habitually absent from church, without good reason for that absence, is bound to fall back in the way of righteousness in the Divine life for want of the means of life to be found in the Church and the Church's worship—*and there alone!* For those who *cannot* come, the good Lord makes merciful and exceptional provision (see Communion of the Sick, and rubric at the end).

There seem to be prevailing very crude notions upon this subject of public worship. The invaluable *benefit* of such a common worship of a present Lord is unknown. The *high moral obligation* attached to the duty is forgotten; although Christians have as little moral right to neglect and violate this as any other of God's commandments. (And here let me ask, as indicative of what I mean, how often when we repent us of our sins do we include as a subject of serious repentance, as a sin of omission, our failure to obey God in this regard and attend church?)

But the greatest confusion seems to exist as to the relations of private and public worship, and the possibility of making one a valid substitute for the other. Would that I had time to speak to you at length on this point to-day, but briefly, let this suffice. There are a sacred obligation, a Divine promise, and a heavenly blessing connected specially with the Church's public worship, where two or three are gathered together in the Lord's name and authority—a special obligation which cannot be discharged, a special promise which cannot be claimed, a special blessing which cannot be secured, by any amount of private or closet devotions. Were it not so, what would have been the use of the Lord's organizing and perpetuating a Church, a body of believers and worshippers? Public, common worship is a *corporate* act, needful for the preservation of the whole body, and as well for the salvation of each member of the body. Private prayer is a *personal* act, which has its separate function and purpose in the life of the individual Christian. One cannot be made a substitute for the other, any more than the act of a private person can be made as valid as the act of a civil corporation to which he belongs.

The worship of the Church (including the sacraments) is a function of the organic life of Christ's body; and upon that organic life depends the life of every member. So that you may as well expect the arm to live when the functions of the general body cease to be performed, as to look for the member of Christ to lead a healthy spiritual life without the worship of the Church.

Let us ponder these things, my dear friends. Let us endeavor to be sensible and practical in the conduct of our Christian lives. Let us use the privileges the dear Lord places within our reach, and learn their true value in using them. Let us verily believe that the Divine Saviour meets with His people in His church; and let us not fail to be found here at His blessed feet, ready to worship Him in spirit and in truth. And above all, when we come up here to worship our Lord, let us so prepare our hearts before we enter, so behave ourselves while we are in the church, and so live after we depart, that God may be ever willing to bestow upon us the inestimable blessing of His sanctuary, presence, and His redeeming grace.

## *THE BABOUSHKA.*

*A Russian Legend.*

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

Three Orient sages, thus the Russians say,
On their long journey westward, paused one day
When the fierce noontide sunshine rested down
Upon the dusty roadway, parched and brown.
For many hours across their even track
No stream the yellow sunlight glinted back;
No fan-like tracery of wavy palm
Invited to its shadow cool and calm;
No tent its sable covering displayed,
Betokening more substantial goods than shade.
Long, weary vigils could these wise men keep
When other, simpler souls were wrapped in sleep.
They knew with tireless eye to watch the star
Sweep o'er the glass's surface swift and far:
In lines occult and crooked they could draw
Strange, mystic meaning from the things they saw;
Upon the horoscope could mark the strife,
Defeat, or victory of any life.
Nay, more, by earnest faith in science led,
Forth from their distant watch-tower they had sped;
Knowing no other guide, their steps thus far
Followed obediently a single star.
But now their feet were sore, their burdens seemed
More heavy than the bearers erst had dreamed.
The gold and spices of each precious pack
Pressed like a leaden weight upon the back;
And till the sun should mellow in the west,
All felt the time had come for food and rest.

"What seest thou, Balthazar, across the plain—
There, yonder, by that patch of waving grain?"

"Methinks, oh, Gaspar, 'tis some lonely cell
Or hut where anchorite perchance may dwell."

Melchoir, speechless, strode the wide field o'er,
And soon the three stood at a cottage door:
Small space and dark the open door displayed,
Yet looked inviting from its depth of shade;
And through the portal—neither high nor wide—
The three passed gratefully and stood inside.

No anchorite or peasant dwelt alone
In this rude, lonely hut of unhewn stone:
Only a woman, all her beauty marred;
Her face with sabre-cuts deformed and scarred,
Who, while with woman's tact her guests she tended,
And hospitable all her store expended,
With ready skill a soothing meal preparing,
Nor kid, nor milk, nor oil, nor butter sparing,
Told how the Bedouins, not a year before,
Had come at evening to the cottage door,
Cut down her lord, and seized her little child;
And when, with frantic gesture weak and wild,
She strove to grasp him ere the robbers fled,
Struck her, and left her on the ground as dead.

"Come thou with us," Melchoir said, "and see
The wonders waiting in the far countrie:
Bear thou our burdens, cook our meals at eve,
And all thou needest we to thee will give."

"Come thou with us," said Gaspar; "much I fear
To leave thee lonely in the desert here.
Three reverend sages, old, white-bearded men,
May safely guide thee to thy kind again."

"Come thou with us, and see," said Balthazar,
"The glorious leadings of our eastern star."

"Nay, nay," she answered; "stricken ones like me
Nor kin, nor joy, nor earthly good may see.
Ugly and maimed, I nothing have to fear,
And by my household gods I'll linger here.
There are no hands but mine to tend the flocks
When they return at evening from the rocks:
Who would, at harvest, gather in the grain,
Or plant the seed-corn in its time again?
If I should go, the hut would be a lair
For things that roam the woods or fly the air.
Before the Bedouins came a goodly store
Of gems and gold, just there behind the door,
My good lord hid; I watch them night and day,
Lest thieves break in and carry them away,
That when my boy comes homeward o'er the plain
I may restore him all his own again."

"Think once again: we go to find a king—
The King that to this suffering world will bring
Peace and prosperity. Collect thy store,
And pour it out His sacred feet before:
Whate'er thou leav'st for Him, I hold it plain
A king can more than pay thee back again."

Rested and strengthened by the food and shade,
Once more to travel our wise men essayed:
Long days they walked, new countries saw afar,
Still following faithfully the guiding star.
At length, their journey o'er, the beacon stayed
Where was the Child-monarch in His manger laid.
Gold, myrrh, and frankincense before Him strewn,
They knew that manger as a regal throne;
And in the wisdom of their mystic lore
Saw what the shepherds failed to see before:
Those baby fingers, delicately curled,
Grasped, to their eyes, the sceptre of the world,
And felt one sight of Jesus fully paid
For all the toilsome journey they had made.

Returning homewards, once again they came
To where, in busy loneliness, the dame
Still plied her wonted labors, watching o'er
Her flocks, her grain, her precious hidden store.
Eager they told the story of their quest;
The wondrous majesty of mien impressed
Upon the Infant Monarch; how there came
All through the midnight skies a wealth of flame;
How angels, with their starry trains, did bring
Glad tidings of Judea's new-born King;
How well the wandering star their footsteps led,
Till still it rested on the Royal Head.
Then, as they took their eastward way again,
Repeated everwhere the glad refrain:
"Peace upon earth, good will to men is shown;
The King of earth and heaven claims His own.
The vision of the ages comes at last;
Earth's night is waning, all her darkness past.
The universal kingdom comes at length
In wondrous majesty and endless strength:
Throughout all climes, all ages, let it ring,
The weary world's glad pean to her King."

As days rolled on the woman lived alone,
Toiled, strove, and watched till many years had flown:
Never the wandering Bedouins o'er the plain
Brought back the boy she waited for again.
Her flocks had multiplied, her garnered store
Of grain swelled all its narrow limits o'er.
From time to time some trader passing by
With gold or gems had purchased her supply,
Till, had the robbers of the desert known
How rich the lonely scarred old dame had grown,
Small chance had she except to find a grave
Among the goods she worked so hard to save.
Mourning with sorrow, chastened now and mild,
The long-awaited, never-coming child;
The visits of the wise men and their tale
Would float across her like a vision pale
Of half-remembered joy, and she would say:
"Ah! if I had but gone with them that day,
Who knows perchance the mighty Infant King
Might to my arms my own lost darling bring?"
As thus she pondered still her longing grew
To see if all the wondrous tale were true;
Till, drawing from the earth her treasured store
Of gold and jewels, locking fast the door,
Untethering her dearly-cherished flocks
To feed themselves at will among the rocks,
She turned her timid steps across the plain
What way the wise men's footpath erst had lain.

'Twas eve; the golden sunset slanting lay
Along Judea's hills; the weary way
Was almost trod; the city lay in sight
Fair, beautiful, and burnished in the light.
The pure white walls of Herod's temple there
Rose half a monument and half a prayer,
And that tired woman felt her heart beat high
At the glad consummation now so nigh.
"Soon like the shining hosts," she said, "I'll sing
My praises of the Universal King."

What shadows in the sunset slant and low
Stretched right athwart the path where she must go?
Whose are the awful forms she shuddering sees
Stretched out in ghastly whiteness on the trees?
What omens throng the air? What presage dread?
To find the living must she pass the dead?
What means that awful majesty which now
In death's pale shadows crowns that central brow?
She hurries by in eager haste to bring
Her golden offerings to the Baby King.
Alas! no passer knows him; none can tell
Where is the throne-room; none remember well
The story of the angels and the star,
And of the Orient sages from afar.
All tongues are busy with a scene of woe
Passing to-day, and that bright long ago
Lies among shadows dim and now forgot,
Or dreams and marvels, visions that were not.
Saddened she leans outside the golden gate,
And murmurs mournfully, "Too late! too late!"

Ages have passed; the world has wiser grown;
Manger and Cross unite to form the throne:
The Christian Church upon its bended knees
The fair Child-monarch in the felon sees;
And every Christmas-eve earth's angels sing
Anew the advent of the Infant King.
"Peace upon earth and unto men good will"
Float through the starry midnight heavens still.
Oft have the brilliant stars of science led
Their honest votaries to the Infant's head;
Rich, wise, and noble have combined to bring
Their gold and incense to the nations' King.
Yet still with faltering step she wanders slow,
That strange old woman of the long ago;
And often when the Christmas fires burn bright,
Or when Epiphany its starry light
Unfolds, with aspect weird and glances wild
She grasps in nervous haste some little child,
Scans him with eager eyes and hungry gaze,
And to the frightened darling thus she says:
"See! plenteous stores of gold and gems I bring
To give thee if indeed thou art the King!
O Baby King, so gentle and so mild,
Tell me where I can find my own lost child."
Then sadly turning from the child away,
The toothless lips seem mournfully to say:
"No, no! I loved my work and earthly store,
And went not with the wise men from my door;
I would not follow where the day-star led,
And stood above the royal Infant's head.
So when at length I sought Him, this my fate,
To find the Cross outside the city gate."

In the far northland she is seeking still,
And will be through each circling age, until
She sees upon the Cross the Infant King,
And does to Him her hoarded treasure bring.
Then will her long, long pilgrimage be o'er
And her tired feet rest on the heavenly shore:
One sight of Jesus then will overpay
The troubles of her weary, toilsome way.
That she will find the King they say is plain.
Since none has truly sought His face in vain.

Meanwhile, the Russian housewives when the bell
Doth of the matins or the vespers tell,
Though cumbered with their daily load of care,
Leave all and hasten to the place of prayer,
Lest the Baboushka's fate may them await
To seek the Christ child when it is too late.

## *THE LORD IN HIS TEMPLE.*

"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."—Habakkuk ii. 20.

The Lord is on His holy throne,
He sits in kingly state;
Let those who for His favor seek
In humble silence wait.

Your sorrows to His eye are known,
Your secret motives clear;
It needeth not the pomp of words
To claim His listening ear.

Press not thy purpose on thy God,
Urge not thine erring will,
Nor dictate to the Eternal mind,
Nor doubt thy Maker's skill.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps its Father's feet.

—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

## *A PANE OF STAINED GLASS.*

BY MRS. M. S. HOLLISTER.

I have been looking with more reverence than usual at a precious heir-loom—a bit of mediaeval glass brought from the cathedral of Ely in 1770, by Dr. Purcell, one of the early rectors of St. Michael's church, Charleston, South Carolina. How my reverend progenitor came by this exquisite window-pane I do not know, nor am I responsible for the possession, except to tenderly care for it. Let us hope, as parts of the church were in a ruinous condition, and at that time being repaired, a window was taken out, and may be the prebendaries shared with the Oxford doctor some of the "fragments that remained." At any rate a relative of mine did not find a pane gone when he lately looked at Ely's gorgeous windows.

This ancient piece of glass is 6½ inches long by 5½ wide, and represents the return of the Prodigal Son. The outer edge is a pale, clear yellow, and the ground-work is white. Nothing except the miniature painting on ivory of the time of the later Georges can equal the delicacy of coloring and the details of the picture. The drapery and attitude of the six figures, which are less than two inches long, are exquisitely graceful. The arms of the happy father seem to indent the wasted, half naked, kneeling form of the wanderer, so ardently is he embraced, while the brother in rich apparel lingers with a companion behind as if to restrain a dog at his heels, which evidently rejoices more than he does at the prodigal's return.

Two men, perhaps servants, stand in the doorway, their hands uplifted with surprise and joy. And now I must give the anachronisms of this beautiful work. The father has just left a turreted, battlemented Norman castle, with a huge round stone tower, heavy with ribbed mason-work, and near by is a circular, arched entrance, borrowed from the Romans, and as little Semitic as possible. The very tree under which the foot-sore penitent has sunk looks like an English oak, and the velvety turf beneath does not suggest an oriental sun.

The bishopric of Ely was not established until 1109, but the church on Ely Isle was founded some time before.

*Litchfield, Conn., Dec. 20th.*

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### *THE IRON MAN'S STORY.*

It was such a beautiful old room, hung with faded pieces of tapestry here and there, dark with heavy oak beams that crossed the ceiling and the dingy portraits of very old-fashioned people in high ruffs and shirts of mail. Stiff, old-fashioned cupboards with glass doors, and filled with curious old china cups and saucers, stood in the corners of the room; over the slippery floor, rugs, soft and fluffy beyond anything that little Elsie had ever seen before, were scattered; and quaint, straight-backed chairs and footstools in faded tent-stitch were arranged around the fire. And what a fire that was in the great fireplace that filled up the whole of the lower end of the long room; so high that the carved figures at the top were lost in the gloom of the ceiling, and so broad that half a dozen different Bible stories were painted in curious blue and white figures on its tiles. The steel andirons were almost as tall as Elsie's self, and on them great logs of wood were burning, the flames leaping, dancing, throwing up showers of sparks, lighting up the great beams of the ceiling, the dark corners of the room, and singing little songs—it seemed to Elsie, with a good deal of sputter and crackle—to the people seated in front of the fire: Grandma Melville herself, sitting very straight and prim in the midst of her shawls and cushions, and gentle English Aunt Edith, whose skilful fingers were busy with wreaths of laurel and holly. That was what the little girl saw who was curled up on the broad window-sill, gazing with curious, wide-open *American* eyes at the strange things around her. Very different all these things were from her own bright, pretty home in New York. Even the wide stretch of snow-covered lawn and the quaintly clipped shrubs and trees; the busy robins who, with puffed out scarlet waistcoats and frost-nipped feet, were busily hopping about in search of stray hips and haws, had a very English look, as if the robins themselves were used to chirping "God Save the Queen" instead of "Hurrah for the Union."

But notwithstanding all this strangeness, the little blue-eyed girl was very happy, quite contented to be curled up almost out of sight behind the curtain, to dream her own happy dreams and wonderings about the queer things around her. For Elsie was a queer little girl, old and very dignified indeed for her eight short years. Her small, light feet stole across the floor almost as quietly as pussy's own paws, and her little soft voice was never heard making a great deal of chatter unless safe alone with mamma. The hearty, rosy English cousins, who danced, raced, laughed, sang, or talked all day long, hardly knew what to make of this little soft, white creature, who preferred the shadowy, curtained nooks on the window-sills, and the quiet corners behind big tables and sofas, with her own beloved book of fairy stories, to the most exciting game of snow-balling or the rough and-tumble free fights that went on in the nursery at all hours of the day. So they left her alone a good deal to do as she pleased, and this morning of the day before Christmas little Elsie was curled up, as I said, on the window-sill, watching the dancing fire, the cold robins, and her aunt's busy fingers, till her grandmother brought her back from her day dreams by saying:

"Elsie dear, are you there still, you little mouse? Your feet are a good deal younger than grandma's, will you run for me and fetch my knitting? It is in my room, in the knitting-basket; and go by way of the picture-gallery, dear, the Christmas-tree is locked up in the blue room."

At the sound of her grandmother's voice, Elsie danced across the floor on the very tips of her small toes, and stood by the door all ready to slip out when grandma had finished speaking, until she mentioned the picture-gallery. Then the little girl's hand fell away from the knob. She hung her head and traced patterns on the shining floor with the tip of her little slipper.

"Come, dear," said Aunt Edith gently, "why don't you run along?"

"I—I—" stammered Elsie. "Couldn't I ring? couldn't somebody else go?"

"Why, Elsie! I thought you were a very obliging little girl, and liked to wait on older people. What *is* the matter?"

"I don't want to—to—go."

Elsie hung her head still lower, and grandma could see how her cheeks burned through the soft veil of hair hanging over them.

"Oh, Elsie!" was all Aunt Edith could find to say, she was so astonished.

But Grandma Melville was more than astonished; she was very sure that little American girls, even if they did have English grandmothers, aunts, cousins, and even an English mother, were not taught to mind at all, and that it was quite time that some one taught Elsie that lesson. So patting her foot very decidedly on her footstool, she said sternly:

"Elsie, do as I say at once."

So Elsie, with a choke and a gasp in her little throat, flew out of the door, and in but a moment it seemed, Aunt Edith heard the quick patter of her feet on the boards as she hurried back again.

Her little face was white, and the blue eyes were casting frightened glances over her shoulder as she came in, and the door was pushed to with such a bang as Elsie was never known to have given a door before; her breath came in quick gasps. The knitting work safe in grandma's hands, Elsie sat down on a stool, buried her face in her apron, and burst out crying, not in the quiet little summer showers that usually fell from those blue eyes, but in great sobs and gasps that shook her from head to foot.

"Why, Elsie!" "Why, dear childie!" "What is the matter?" "Did any one hurt you?" grandma and Aunt Edith asked both together.

"The man," sobbed Elsie, as soon as she could find her voice at all.

"The man! What man? Where, dear?"

"The iron man in the picture-gallery; he'll run after me with his sword, you know!" and Elsie's sobs and shudders redoubled, while grandma and Aunt Edith looked at one another, too much bewildered to say anything at all.

"I believe," said grandma at last, "that she means the armor in the west alcove. Elsie, my dear, who told you such a foolish thing? Don't you know that the armor is only a *dress*, made of iron, to be sure, but only a kind of uniform such as soldiers used to wear to protect themselves when they went to battle a great many years ago; and that the armor in the picture-gallery has nothing at all inside of it but bars to hold it up straight! Who was it that told my little girl such an absurd story?"

It was Cousin Hal, it seemed, when, after a great deal of coaxing, Elsie consented to mention names; and Hal, when called to account by grandma, excused himself on the ground that "he didn't think anybody would be such a baby as to believe *that*. Girls were such dreadful cowards though, he might have known she would," he added very ungraciously.

"Are they?" grandma said, with a queer little smile. "Suppose I told you that the very bravest person *I* have ever heard of was a tiny little girl no larger than Elsie? What would you say to that?"

"Ho, grandma! somebody must have told you a story. Girls are afraid of *everything*—mice, and bumble-bees, and being alone in the dark. *I* wouldn't be a girl, no not for ten hundred thousand guineas!"

"A pretty large sum of money," said grandma, shaking her head, "to refuse if it was offered to you. However, that has nothing to do with my story. Whether you are a girl or a boy, I'm going to tell little Elsie about that little girl, because she had a great deal to do with the iron man, as you call him, in the picture-gallery."

Somehow, the children in the house always seemed to smell out grandmother's stories, just as the mice do cheese, for pretty soon, one after another, they all found their way into the "oak parlor," and the prim chairs around the fire soon held a circle of rosy faces, merry eyes, plump, restless blue and red legs, and the pretty, tossing yellow hair that so many English children have.

Grandma smiled as she looked around on this delightful audience, and, taking Elsie on her lap, looked thoughtfully in the fire a few moments, while Aunt Edith and Elsie's mother went on with the holly wreaths.

"Our Noble Ancestor," she began, "as we grown-up people always call the iron man, was made in the very beginning for a certain Sir John Melville, your grandfather, children, very far back indeed, who helped fight King Henry the Fifth's wars in France. He wore the armor in the battles of Harfleur and Agincourt, it is said, and if you were to look closely you would find a great many marks and dints of hard blows in the steel, for history says that Sir John was a very brave man. He lived after the good king's death to wear his armor home again, and used it in the War of the Roses, taking many good knocks in the cause of Henry the Sixth, good King Harry of Monmouth's son. After its wars were all over, and the brave man who had worn it so long had finished his earthly battles and fallen asleep, the armor was put carefully away in some great chest, I've no doubt, or was hung

on the walls of the old, old Melville House that was burned down in King Henry the Eighth's time. When *this* house was built just where the old one used to stand, a few years afterwards, the armor was taken out of its chest—for it had been saved from the fire—cleaned, and carefully put up in the alcove, just as you see it now. Grown people looked at it, little children were afraid of it, and the mice scampered over the iron shoes at night just as they do nowadays, I suppose, until it came to be the days of King Charles the First, and Cromwell's soldiers were hunting for the poor king's friends who had been fighting his battles for him. Your grandfather *this* time was Sir Anthony Melville, and after the battle of Naseby was over, and the king had been carried away a prisoner to Hampton Court, his friends were hiding in all sorts of queer, out-of-the-way places, because the parliamentary soldiers were very anxious to make them prisoners, too.

"In this old house in these days lived, all alone, Sir Anthony Melville's wife, with her little daughter, about as big as Elsie, and she was a very gentle, timid little girl, who liked very much to be petted and cuddled, I guess, to sit in out-of-the-way-corners, and curled up on the window-sills watching the robins."

"Just like Elsie," added one of the children.

"Yes," smiled grandma, "just like Elsie; and just like Elsie, too, she was very much afraid of the iron man in the picture gallery, and used to race by the grim figure with her fingers in her ears and her eyes shut for fear she would see or hear something dreadful. Now this little girl's father had been away from home so long that she had grown up from being a tiny baby to a little girl of Elsie's size, as I said, and wore a quaint stiff silk gown and broad lace collar, such as little girls used to wear in those days, and stole about the house in a rustling train, instead of Elsie's short velvet frocks and slippers.

"This little girl's mother had been, of course, very anxious about her husband, and when one day all her tears and anxious looks disappeared, and she had only smiles, gay words, and very red cheeks and bright eyes to show every one, even the little eight-year-old girl was very sure something very pleasant must have happened.

"But her mother had only smiles and a great many kisses for answers to her eager questions, until I presume little Maud must have been almost as wild and curious to know what had happened as some little people that I know of get sometimes."

"THE IRON MAN."

Here Grandma Melville stopped to smile a queer little smile at the children about her, who smiled and blushed back again, and nodded at one another, as much to say, "I guess we know who those children are!"

"There were strange voices heard about the old house in those days," Mrs. Melville went on; "and once when Maud slipped into her mother's room without knocking, a curtain over a panel waved as if some one had pushed it away in a great hurry, and a door shut, where no door was at all. Little Maud was so very much surprised at all this, she was very anxious indeed to inquire what it meant, but little children in those days were not allowed to ask questions, so she had to content herself with keeping up a great deal of thinking, and keeping her eyes and ears very wide open, to see and hear all they possibly could.

"One night, it was Christmas-eve, and the house was decorated with holly and laurel, just as it is going to be to-day. Lady Melville was very smiling and happy, getting a great many mysterious parcels, to be given away the next day, and Maud was busily practising a little quaint old-fashioned tune on the spinnet, when there came a hurried rush, and the sound of running feet at the great hall door, and in a moment a young man, pale and panting for breath, hurried into the hall, saying in a low, hoarse whisper, 'My lady! my lady! the soldiers are coming! I had only a short half-hour's start of them over the moor!' and Maud could only open her eyes and mouth wider and wider when she saw her mother drop her holly wreaths and run out of the room with a very pale face.

"Of course little Maud knew all about these dreadful soldiers, how badly they had treated the king, and that they were hunting for her father; and, worse than all the rest, hadn't her Nurse Catherine often told her that they ate babies and carried off little children tied to their saddle-bows? That wasn't true, of course, and Nurse Catherine was a very silly woman indeed; but no wonder the little girl was frightened when she heard who were coming, or that she began to wonder where would be the safest place to hide. And strange to say, what do you think she decided was the best place but behind the window-curtain, in that very alcove where the armor stands. Maud was hardly hidden among the curtain folds, her teeth chattering very much with fear, before a door opened, and who should she see coming towards the alcove but her mother and a tall, pale gentleman. And before the little girl had time to say a word the gentleman was wrenching the armor away from its supports; and what do you think? Clogs, leg-pieces, corslet, and hel-

met, one after another, he put them on, even the gauntlets on his hands, and taking the long sword stepped upon the iron man's platform just as a great knocking and pounding and a call of 'Open, in the name of the Commonwealth,' came at the hall door.

"'They have come,' said Maud's mother as she pressed her soft cheek against the iron corslet. 'Dear husband, keep up your heart; no one will ever find you here!' and then she hurried out of the room, while the man in armor gave a great sigh, drew his visor down more firmly, and glanced about at the cheerful firelight and candlelight that flickered and danced on the walls of the dim old room.

"It was her father! really and truly her father, hidden from the soldiers in such a queer place. But supposing they should find him after all? Maud's eyes must have grown round with horror, and without stopping for a moment to think of her fears for herself, she jumped out from her hiding-place, whispering, 'Don't be afraid, father; I'll let them find *me*, and they'll never think where you are.'

"The iron figure gave a great start, and said quickly, 'Darling child, run away and hide somewhere else. God bless you!'

"But there wasn't time for that, for one of the gallery doors was thrown open, and in rattled and clanked half a dozen soldiers, who poked their swords in all the shadowy corners, lifted all the hangings, and very soon spied the little girl who had fallen down at the feet of the man in armor, and was hiding her face on one of his iron shoes.

"'Good lack! what is this?' said one of them. 'A little damsel, and a comely one, too, as I'm a soldier! Little maid, what are you doing here?"

"Poor little girl! she was saying over and over to herself, 'I must save papa, I must, I must!' So now she lifted her pale little face and answered, 'I'm hiding.'

"'Hiding, are you? And you think the iron man 'll protect you,' said one of the rough soldiers, striking the armor on the shoulder with the flat of his sword. 'Nobody'll hurt you, little maid, if you'll tell us where your father is, that is if you know at all.'

"Now, what do you think that little girl did? Cried and trembled, and begged them not to hurt her and she'd tell them where he was? No, indeed! she stood right up in front of the cruel-looking man, wiped the tears away with her little silk apron, and said: 'You may take me off, yes and eat me too, as you do the babies,' with a little sob and a shudder; 'but do you suppose, if I knew, that I'd tell you where my father is?'

"'Come, Richard! come, John!" called out another soldier, impatiently, 'there's no one hidden in this place. Time is precious. Move on!'

"So, saying, 'It's a brave little lass,' the soldiers hurried out of the picture-gallery, their swords clanking and their leather jerkins rattling as they went, and little Maud fell down at the iron feet again, to sob and cry as if her little heart would break, until there came the sound of the soldiers mounting their horses again, and she felt the pressure of an iron glove on her head, as her father whispered, 'My darling, you *have* saved your father's life!'

"That's all my little story, children. Maud and her father and mother got away safely to France, where they lived safely and happily till the time came when they could all live quietly in their own home again. But what do you think of girls now, Hal? Do you think a boy could have done any better? And do you think it's a brave and manly thing for a boy to try his best to frighten a little girl, who has never seen such a thing before in her life?—make her afraid of the poor iron man, who, instead of running after her with his sword, would, I've no doubt, hide her just as he hid little Maud Melville's father from the soldiers, if any one wanted to harm her?"

No, Hal didn't think it was. "That little girl was a brick, and you're another," he said to Elsie. "I wont frighten you again!" with a hasty kiss on the soft cheek and a sly twitch of the yellow hair to cover up the caress he was half ashamed of.

But Elsie didn't mind; she was quite too full of the story, and only winked back the tears that would come at the pull, and said, "Grandma, I'm sorry I was afraid of such a good iron man. Do you suppose I've hurt his feelings?"

How every one laughed at that, and when grandma had hurried to say she didn't think she had really, and the children had raced off and out of-doors for a game of snow ball, Aunt Edith suggested that *she* was very sure the iron man would be delighted to have Elsie help in dressing him for Christmas-day; and every one else had smiled and agreed. Aunt Edith picked up her wreaths for the picture-gallery, and mamma hers, while Elsie, in a small flutter of pleasure that was half fear, carried the basket of holly, and the three, with the black kitten galloping behind and in front of them, marched off to the picture-gallery, where, while mamma arranged the laurel wreath on the battered helmet, and Aunt Edith filled the iron hands, little Elsie, with her basket, stole nearer and nearer the grim figure, till at last she laid a soft, timid little hand on the stiff fingers, and at last, when no one was looking, left a shy little kiss on them.

"I'm sorry I was afraid," she whispered, and looking up just as a sunbeam stole in the window and streamed across the helmet, Elsie fancied—but it was only a fancy, you know—that she saw a smile flit over the grim face.

## *GOLEMS.*

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"Tell us a story," said the children; "a story, Aunt Edna, you, who write so much for the children who live in other people's homes, might sometimes tell one to the little folks in your own. It's too dark for you to write, and if you try to light the gas we'll hide your pen and ink. Just be obliging for once and tell us a story all out of your own head."

It was just because Edna did write so much for the papers and magazines that she liked to do something very different when she was not writing, just as you little boys and girls don't care very much about studying extra lessons on Saturday afternoons; and the last thing she wanted to do, just as she had pushed aside her papers and settled herself for her twilight hour of rest, was to think out a "story." But she was not disobliging; besides, she knew that we must sow beside all waters, and here was an opportunity of sowing seed which might perhaps spring up and bear fruit unto everlasting life, so she said after a moment's thought:

"Auntie's very tired, children, but she'll tell you just one little story, and then you must each tell her one. Is it a bargain?"

"But I don't know any stories," said Dick, "and I don't know how to make up any, because I haven't got anything to make it up about."

"You can all tell stories about mine; the same subject will do for all, you'll see."

The children thought this very funny, so they waited to see what was coming, and Aunt Edna began:

"I was reading to-day about some strange customs and ideas they had in the middle ages, when the grown people were scarcely more than children, and one of them was the belief in golems."

"Ghosts!" said the children, becoming excited.

"No, not ghosts at all; something quite different. It was thought that some people had the power of making beautiful images out of clay, somewhat as the Spaniards and Italians do now; but they had the further power of making them speak and eat and move and act exactly as if they were alive. On the brows, close up under the hair, they stamped the word *Truth*, and as long as that was there no one could tell that he was not talking to a real living man or woman, but the very moment the golem uttered a falsehood, which it was sure to do sooner or later, it at once became stiff, lifeless clay, and never seemed like a human being again. There, that's my story; now let me hear yours from the same text. Did any of you ever see a golem?"

"Oh, I know," said Lina, her face lighting up with sudden intelligence after a somewhat embarrassing pause. "I'll tell you. When I first went to Madame A.'s school there was a girl who used to sit at the same desk with me; she was just as pretty as she could be, with long yellow curls, and she used to wear a gold necklace and locket and the prettiest dresses. She was very good-natured, too, and let me share all her candy and nice things, and I would have done anything in the world for her; but one day, when we were being examined, she managed to hide the book in her lap and copied out the answers, wanting me to do the same, and somehow she never seemed pretty or nice to me afterwards. I couldn't bear her, and just as soon as I could I got the teacher to change my seat."

"Why, that's just how I felt about Tom Haines when he cheated playing marbles, and Johnny Harris when he said I broke the window and I knew he did it; I don't ever want to see him again; no, nor anybody that tells lies; they're just as mean as dirt, whether they're clay or not," said Dick.

"Yes," said Aunt Edna, "we never feel that we can really trust again any one who has thoroughly deceived us. But I did not mean you to tell tales of your companions; that isn't kind. Try to think of some golems that you can talk about without being personal."

"I think when any one pretends to be very sweet to your face, and then turns round and says something hateful about you behind your back, that's being a golem," said honest-eyed little Annie; "or when one pretends to know more than she does, or to be very good when she isn't."

"Yes, all the pretenders are golems, and if we look close at them we shall soon see the word *truth* fade out, and find that they are nothing more than clay images after all."

"Is Santa Claus a golem?" said bright little Alice. "I guess he must be, because I used to think he was alive and came down

the chimney with all the Christmas presents, and I used to love him ever so much; but one day I found an ugly old image in the garret with a long white beard, and nurse said it was Santa Claus. Then I went to mamma and she told me all about it, and how it was people who put the things in your stockings and hung them on the Christmas-tree, and I never want to hear about Santa Claus any more. He's just a lie or a golem."

"I know a golem," said Jack, "that's our dentist; he said it wouldn't hurt me to have my tooth pulled out, and I opened my mouth at once, because he used to give me candy and things, and I thought he was good; but it hurt me like everything, and I'll never believe him again, or take his candy if he offered me a roomful."

"Auntie," said timid, conscientious, little Carrie, "do you think any of us are golems? Sometimes we don't say exactly what is true, at least all there is about it; that is, I don't," she said blushing.

"That's what I was thinking about when I told my story," said Aunt Edna. "We are all made of clay, you know, fashioned in God's image, the Bible tells us. He writes the word *truth* upon us where do you think? Not on our foreheads, where everybody can see, but down in our hearts, and sometimes it gets almost rubbed out before any one but Him and us know anything about it. When it's quite gone, so that God can't see it, we are in His sight only useless, dead, clay images, good for nothing but to be cast away or burned up."

"That's dreadful!" said Carrie.

"It would be dreadful, only that we know God can do anything, and if we find the writing is growing fainter, that is, we are beginning to become untruthful, we must ask Him to write it again with the precious blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin, and it will stay there forever. But God grant that none of my dear little ones may even begin to become golems."

## *THREE VERY LITTLE STORIES FOR VERY LITTLE PEOPLE.*

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY H. K.

I.

Once upon a time a cer ain little girl was sitting in a certain garden.

Down by the garden gate there was a nice, gentle, tiny, black and white kitten.

"Minnie! Minnie! come here, Minnie!" called the little girl to the little kitten.

So Minnie came. She came quite close to the little girl, began to rub her fur against the little girl's dress, and to play, and to say, *Purr, purr, purr!*

The little girl was very glad to play with Minnie, so she hugged her and stroked her soft back.

You see, they were great friends just then, and loved each other dearly.

But presently the little girl began to get cross, and she pulled the little kitten's tail.

Then Minnie got cross, too. And instead of *purr, purr, purr*, she scratched the little girl, and s id, *Pfg! pfg!*

You see they were not friends any more, and now they did not love each other a bit.

Then the little kitten thought she did not care to play with that little girl any more, and went away.

So the little girl was left all alone.

*Naughty little girls never keep any friends.*

II.

Once upon a time there was a bird's nest perched high up on top of a tall chimney.

In the nest were four little eggs.

By and by the four little eggs opened, and four little featherless birdies hopped out.

But old Mother-bird had plenty of feathers, so she kept them all warm under her wings.

And while old Mother-bird kept them warm, old Father-bird went away to get them food.

And after a while the little birdies began to grow and get some soft little downy feathers of their own.

Then old Mother-bird could leave her babies, and there were two to dig for worms.

One day, when the eight little wings had grown a great deal, but still were not strong enough to let the birdies fly, old Mother-bird shook out her plumes, and said she must go to market before it began to rain.

*Queque! queque! queque!* she chirped very loud.

That meant: "My own dear little darlings, whatever you do, be good children, and don't think of going out of the house while I am gone."

She called that muddy, round nest the house, you know.

But after old Mother-bird had flown away, one of her foolish young birdlings took it into its pretty little head that it would be a fine thing to take a walk on its own account.

And it hopped straight up on to the edge of the nest—silly birdie—and, oh! fell down, down, down that great black chimney as fast as it could go!

So, when old Father-bird and old Mother-bird came home, behold! there were only three little round heads in the nest.

Then three little throats began to chirp, *Queque! queque! queque!*

This time it meant, "Our brother is gone. He fell down the chimney. Boo! hoo!"

The Father-bird, the Mother-bird, and the three little baby-birds were then all very sorrowful indeed.

So you see, *one little bit of disobedience made a whole family unhappy.*

III.

Once upon a time there was a little boy and a little girl.

The little boy's name was Jack, and the little girl's name was Sue.

It was the first morning of the year, or the day for New Year's presents, where these little people lived.

Their father and mother were not very rich, still they were not very poor; but however that may be, it is quite certain that on this particular New Year's morning Sue and Jack found themselves the happy possessors of several beautiful presents, besides the big sum of ten francs, which they might spend exactly as they chose.

So somebody took them out immediately to the biggest toy-shop in town, and all they had to do was to choose the thing each liked best.

Sue liked dolls better than anything else. Indeed, she never could get enough of them, so it did not take many minutes for her to dispose of her ten francs.

But ten francs' worth of dolls in Paris is a great many.

She had all kinds—ladies, and babies, and peasants, and dandified young gentlemen—altogether fourteen of the lovely creatures.

Think of that, my dears! fourteen dolls in one morning!

But I am afraid Sue was a little like that old woman you have read about, who had so many children she didn't know what to do.

Jack saw she was quite embarrassed with her riches, and like a good-natured, thoughtfu little boy, he said:

"I'll tell you what! I'll get a carriage, then you can dispose of all that population."

"Do," cried Sue. "Get a carriage, then we can always play together. But be sure and choose a pretty one."

"Of course," said Jack. "Please to show me some of your prettiest carriages," he continued, turning to the man who was waiting upon him.

Instantly a charming little barouche was brought out—a barouche drawn by two magnificent white horses, with gold and silken harnesses.

On the box was a fat old coachman with powdered hair, a red coat, yellow small-clothes, and white stockings. Perched up behind the carriage were two gorgeous footmen, dressed alike, and very fine in gold lace and powder.

"Oh, that will do beautifully!" exclaimed both the children.

"How much is it?" asked Jack.

"Ten francs, sir."

"Very well," said Jack, and put down his two shining gold pieces on the counter.

Then, with all haste, the children began to put the dolls into the carriage.

But, to their horror, the little coach would not hold a quarter of this multitude!

"And the rest?" gasped Sue in a tone of despair, looking at her brother.

"And the rest?" returned Jack in a tone of still deeper despair, looking at his sister.

Then dear old grandpapa, who had come with the children, seeing their perplexity, said:

"Why not buy an omnibus instead? It's not so pretty, I know, but then it will hold all your dollies."

Accordingly, a roomy omnibus, exactly like a real omnibus that carries people from one end of Paris to the other for thirty centimes, was at once produced.

Jack and Sue looked at it, then at each other, but could not decide.

The omnibus *was* "just the thing." But the carriage was so lovely!

In the carriage, though, only four could ride. In the omnibus, fourteen!

Which did they take?

Which should you say, my dear?

Which do you always choose—pretty things or useful things?

Well, Jack and Sue bought—*just which you decide was best.*

## *THE CHURCHMAN COT.*

*Contributions to "The Churchman Cot" at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, for the week ending Monday, January 6th, 1879:*

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| La Trobe and Adrian, seventh offering, College of St. James, Md., | $3.20 |
| A friend, Williamsport, Penn., | 1.50 |
| Offertory at Christmas-tree festival, Trinity church, Mount Vernon, N. Y., | 7.75 |
| A Christmas offering in memory of two darling little girls in Paradise, Patterson, N. C., | 2.00 |
| In memory of little Willie who fell asleep August 1st, 1878, Fort Reed, Fla., | 6.00 |
| Mazie L. T., earned for The Churchman Cot, Brooklyn, N. Y., | 60 |
| H. B. B., "a free-will offering to the holy Child Jesus," Trenton, N. J., | 25 |
| Holy Innocents' Sunday-school, Albany, N. Y., | 8.00 |
| "Interest money," Chicago, Ill., | 10.00 |
| Nellie's and Edith's Merry Christmas New Haven, Conn., | 2.00 |
| A. B. C., New Haven, Conn., | 25.00 |
| Receipts for the week, | 66.30 |
| Total receipts, | **$2,965.77** |

## PARAGRAPHS.

THE Indiana supreme court has decided, in the suit of a church against a member, that subscriptions made on Sunday cannot be collected by law.

IT is said that a farmer's wife in a Lincolnshire parish lately declared that she "would rather cut her hand off" than put money into a bag in church. On being asked the reason for her objection, she replied that Judas used a bag!

A NEW bell has been blessed at Moscow in memory of the emancipation of the Bulgarians, which, though smaller than the monster Ivan the Great, still is larger, the London *Times* says, than any other in the world. It weighs 63,976 pounds.

CAPTAIN J. A. LAWSON, in his "Wanderings in New Guinea," calculated the height of Mount Hercules as 30,000 feet before his ascent; but it proved to be 32,783 feet above the sea level, or 30,901 feet above the surrounding country. It is by far the highest mountain known.

AT the present day many Jews seek to imitate as nearly as possible the social habits, pursuits, and customs of the Christian or Gentile populations amongst whom they dwell. As an illustration of this fact, it is said that Christmas-trees, with their attendant festivities, are quite the fashion amongst rich Jewish families in England.

THE most valuable book recently given by Mr. Astor to the Astor Library is one which brought 79,000 francs ($15,800) at an auction sale last summer in Paris. It is an early printed book, the first edition of the Catholicon of Joannes Balkus de Jenna, dated 1460—a treatise on grammar and rhetoric and a Latin dictionary, the printing of which is attributed by Brunet to Gutenberg.

AN axe to be presented to Mr. Gladstone was recently completed in London. It is an exact representation of the American axe which Mr. Gladstone is accustomed to use. The blade is composed of solid silver, and is inscribed with the following words: "Presented to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone by a few admiring friends." The handle is made of ebony, and the occasion of the presentation was to be Mr. Gladstone's birthday, the 29th of last December.

WITH Christmas-eve begins the festive season known in Russia as the *Svyatki*, or *Svyatuie Vechera* (Holy Evenings), which lasts till the Epiphany. The numerous sportive ceremonies which are associated with it are like those in many other countries, but they are rendered specially interesting and valuable by the relics of the past which they have been the means of preserving—the fragments of ritual song which refer to the ancient paganism of the land, the time-honored customs which originally belonged to the feasts with which the heathen Slavs greeted each year the return of the sun. On Christmas-eve commences the singing of the songs called *Kolyadki*, a word generally supposed to be akin to *Kalendoe*, though reference is made in some of them to a mysterious being, apparently a solar goddess, named Kolyada. "Kolyada, Kolyada! Kolyada has come. We wandered about, we sought holy Kolyada in all the court-yards," commences one of these old songs, for a many a year, no doubt, solemnly sung by the young people who used, in olden times, to escort from homestead to homestead a sledge, in which sat a girl dressed in white, who represented the benignant goddess. Nowadays these songs have in many places fallen into disuse, or are kept up only by the children who go from house to house, to congratulate their inhabitants on the arrival of Christmas, and to wish them a prosperous new year.

THE system of electric time distribution is rapidly increasing and improving. The Western Union Telegraph Company have taken up the matter in New York, and are proposing to furnish any one who wants it with astronomically accurate time. They receive every day time-signals from the astronomical observatories at Allegheny City, Washington, and Cambridge, and are thus in a position to keep their standard clock well corrected. The time is communicated to their customers by a special telegraph line, which works at every station a sounder, repeating the beats of the standard clock and marking the hours and minutes by conventional signals. It would be another step if the public clocks of the city should all be connected with the same time service (as could easily be done), so that all over the city the striking of the bells should indicate true time.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says there was a somewhat remarkable service, not long since, in the parish church of Putney, on the occasion of the reopening of Bishop West's chapel, in memory of the Misses Lewis, who had a school in the parish, the pupils of which sat in it. Bishop West's chapel was originally attached to the south side of Putney church, but upon the demolition of the old church in 1836, the chapel was taken down, and rebuilt at the north-east corner, where it now stands. This chapel was built by Nicholas West, who was born at Putney in the latter half of the fifteenth century. He was made Bishop of Ely in the year 1515, died in April, 1533, and was buried in the chapel he had built for that purpose in the presbytery of Ely Cathedral. The arms of the founder, quartered with those of the See of Ely, occupy two circles in the groined ceiling. The vicar, the Hon. and Rev. R. Henley, in the course of an interesting sermon on women's work, after bearing testimony to the value of the teaching given by the deceased, said: Woman's influence is not won by rushing out into the glare of publicity and lifting up her voice in the Babel of self-assertions; her strength is in the condensed power of quiet thoughtfulness and tried endurance. Woman's victory over the world is not gained by putting on fancy dresses and by vowing fancy vows—vows which often bespeak an artificial and servile standard of right and wrong; which imply distrust for the future of God's wise guidance and providential ordering of the daily course; which inspire others besides those who assume them with a disgust for home duties, and fastidious contempt for simple Church work and Church worship; which concentrate and confine forces given for diffusion; which narrow and specialize ties that pervade and embrace Christendom; which ignore or supersede God's vows, reaching to every thought, word, wish, deed, and feeling, ranging through the whole life, that are affirmed at baptism, consciously recognized at confirmation, and renewed penitently yet with humble trust in mercy and grace at each communion.

A WRITER in *Sunday at Home* relates the following anecdote: A small steamboat used to ply between Geneva and Lausanne during the summer months; and although Switzerland was not overrun, as in modern times, by English and American tourists, yet many would prefer sailing up the lake to going round by the slow diligence. I not unfrequently saw English travellers distributing religious tracts among the Swiss and other passengers, who generally accepted the gift with a gracious smile. On one such occasion an English lady, accompanied by her husband, had given tracts to all the persons on board except to a tall and rather uncouth and severe-looking gentleman who sat, apparently absorbed in thought, with a book in his hand. "The forbidding aspect of that intellectual-looking man frightens me," she observed to her husband. "I dare not approach him. But I ought not to say so, for his soul is of as much value as that of any one else." Just then some one rose, leaving a vacant seat next to this serious-looking personage. At the same time the gentleman closed his book. The lady made bold to sit beside him, and at once offered him a tract which she thought suited to his mental capacity. He took the tract, smiling most graciously. All the harshness of his countenance seemed to vanish. The tract she gave him was Vinet's on Sanctification. Again the somewhat painful frown appeared on the gentleman's forehead. On account of the shortness of his sight the lady observed that he had to place the tract so close to the organs of vision that his somewhat protuberant nose touched the paper. Then, after reading a couple of lines, he folded the tract and placed it in his pocket. Remembering still the gracious smile, the lady said: "I am afraid you do not like the tract." He replied: "I have read it before." "I think," continued the lady, "it is by Monsieur Vinet." "Yes," was his reply. "He is a very good man, and a great writer," again remarked the lady. The gentleman observed silence; the conversation changed; the gentleman became very talkative and pleasant. It was Vinet himself.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Athenaeum*, writing from Rome, in the latter part of last December, describes the results of recent excavations in that city as follows: The excavations of the valley of the Forum are indeed magnificent. The whole of the Sacra Via between the Temple of Antoninus and the Arch of Titus is now discovered, with its line of buildings. Some of them, on the east side, were already known to topographers, such as the portico in front of the Temple of Romulus, another portico of the ninth century at the north-west corner of Constantine's basilica, and so on. But nothing was known as regards the parallelogram between the Sacra Via, the foot of the Palatine, the Forum, and the Arch of Titus. Take any plan, more or less restored, of old Rome: you see many different public buildings piled up in that narrow strip of land—the Temple and Atrium of Vesta, the Regia, the Temple of Jupiter Stator, the house of Tarquinius, etc. This is quite a mistake. The parallelogram contains only a line of commonplace shops of brick work, strengthened at the corners with blocks of travertine. The front of the shops recedes a little from the line of the Sacra Via, and the vacant space is filled with honorary monuments. This is their list: (*a*) a pedestal for a bronze statue, raised A.D. 339 by Fabius Titianus, consul and prefect of Rome; (*b*) a pedestal for a statue, raised A.D. 335, to Constantius, by Flavius Leontius, prefect of